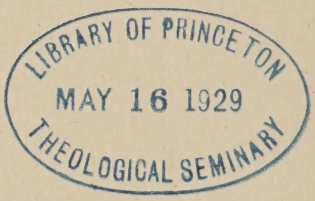
Facing Life

W. H. P. Faunce



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Facing life

FACING LIFE

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FACING LIFE

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

By

W. H. P. FAUNCE

PRESIDENT, BROWN UNIVERSITY

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FOREWORD

THESE addresses were made to the students of Brown University at morning chapel service. They are too brief to allow logical development —logic does not always prevail at 9:00 a. m.— and they do not pretend to have any clear connection one with another. Yet, roughly speaking, the first four groups do have some correspondence with the four college years, while the last group is addressed to those who are leaving the college campus and finding their place in the larger world beyond it.

To all whom I have known as students "under the elms" during these nearly thirty years I send salutations mingled with happy memories. To them, and to the graduates of many other colleges, I send my wish and hope that they may accept Robert Browning's challenge and "greet the unseen with a cheer."

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I

THE NEW ENVIRONMENT

FACING LIFE

TEMPTATIONS UPWARD

THERE are many temptations, men say, in the modern college, and so there are. Wherever there is life, there is the testing of life. There are no temptations in the cemetery, but we have no desire to be carried there. To be alive is to feel, to choose, to grapple, and a good life is a good fight. If we go outside the college—into the bank, the law office, the subway, the political caucus—are there no temptations there? The college cannot abolish temptation, but it can provide temptations upward, allurements and seductions into the higher life.

The whole business of the Faculty is to furnish temptations upward. They call the student into the laboratory and hand him the microscope or the test tube or the balance. They tempt his natural curiosity, they try to start him interrogating nature, searching for facts and laws. Then they take him into a class in English. They let him hear Shakespeare singing, "Fear no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages"; or Robert Louis Stevenson crying, "Paint on distant lands and seas my Odyssey of battle." Does he respond? Does his pulse begin to beat and

his imagination begin to work? Or does he still prefer the cheap magazine with the gaudy and impossible girl on the cover? The Faculty take the student into a course in the history of art. They explain to him the Corinthian column, the grouping of the figures in the Sistine Madonna, the marvel of Corot's light streaming through the gnarled trees of the forest. Does he respond? Or does he still prefer the colored "Sunday Supplement"? They bring before him some great leader of moral and spiritual progress; they let him hear Abraham Lincoln or James Bryce or Cardinal Mercier. Does his spirit take fire, and does he respond and dedicate his life to the service of the world? No power can coerce him. As someone has said, "You can lead a student to college, but you cannot make him think." All we can do is to furnish the temptation to think, to understand, to serve, to lead humanity, and make it as vivid and winsome as possible.

In the old Greek mythology when Odysseus and his sailors came near the island of the sirens and heard the seductive music wooing them to the shore, Odysseus stuffed their ears with cotton to shut out the tempting strains. But when Orpheus and his crew sailed past the dangerous islands, he took out his lyre and struck up a sweeter music so that the sirens' voices were no longer heard. "*De te fabula docet*"—"the story means you." No stuffing of the ears can save us long. No withholding of the facts, no artificial deafness and blindness will we submit to! We are not

afraid to know the facts; we will not be wrapped in cotton wool or kept under a glass case. All truth is for all men, and no real college student is afraid of it.

We have seen in the streets of the metropolis a huge sight-seeing wagon, loaded with strangers, lumbering past the famous buildings, while the stentorian voice of the megaphone announces points of interest. That peculiar process is called "seeing New York." At the end of the trip, what have the weary folk seen of New York? Have they really seen its homes, its libraries, its hospitals; have they come to understand its music, its journalism, its universities, its religious faith? They have merely viewed the city's skin, not reached its soul. They have simply gazed at the latest skyscraper or at Grant's Tomb or the bears in the "Zoo," and they call it "seeing New York"! The real city, like the real university, is invisible. It is a spiritual thing, the combined memory and hope of millions, a common heritage and a common aspiration. Some men are willingly led into its dens, and some are tempted into its cathedrals.

Can you stand the freedom of the modern college? It will not coerce you. We frankly confess it has its temptations—like the railroad station and the stock exchange. But we also affirm that there is no other place in America where there are so many allurements to knowledge, to wisdom, to unselfish friendship and to stalwart character, as in the American college.

READJUSTMENT

THE first few weeks in college are a time of necessary readjustment. The student who cannot change has come to the wrong place. Unless he has some degree of flexibility, he will be miserable. He must adjust himself to new teachers, new books, new methods of instruction—the lecture system has floored many a Freshman!—new songs, new standards of conduct, new valuations of life, and his entire *Lebensanschauung*, as the Germans call it, will be seriously modified by any college that is really alive. Each morning he must ask himself what is expected of him in this new environment, what is right, what is wrong, what is worth while. If I may offer counsel to those who often do not desire it, I would say two things: "Do not hurry your opinions"; and "Learn the uses of freedom."

Give yourself time to readjust calmly and thoughtfully. Do not be dragooned into sudden changes of attitude or conviction. Do not decide too hastily regarding the merits of a new friendship which is thrust upon you. "Student activities" crowd the field of vision. Does that phrase mean that studies are mere "passivities"? New publications, sports, fraternities, stridently claim the newcomer's interest and support. If he joins

everything, he will amount to nothing. It is a blunder to accept every friendship the moment it is proffered; even a cheap lodging house will not take in every tramp. To join a fraternity group without knowing much about it is to marry in haste and repent at leisure. Many a student has left college because he joined the wrong group, and many a fraternity has bitterly repented choosing the wrong man.

If one is to change his opinions, let him not demolish the old house until the new one is built. Because we discover that some theory taught in the little red schoolhouse or the old white meeting-house is inadequate for our present thinking, it does not follow that we have got to throw away all the beliefs of past generations and reconstruct the world in our Freshman year. Omar Khayyam inquires:

> O Love, could you and I with Him conspire
> To change this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits,
> And then remould it to our hearts' desire?

The answer to that question is: "No, we wouldn't, if we have any understanding of life." We must take in the new facts, new points of view, new codes of conduct, and understand and assimilate them thoroughly before we attempt to rebuild the universe.

It is equally necessary to learn how to use freedom. The modern college treats the Freshman as a man or a woman, not as a child, and some

students are children still. The college is no longer paternalistic; no professors look through keyholes or demand admission to a student's room; no spies are on the student's track. No time is assigned for meals or for putting out lights at night; no program of study hours is enforced. And many students are dazzled by their new freedom. Because they can come in at any hour of the night, they think it a demonstration of manhood to come in very late—or very early—and make a great noise as they come. Because they can study when they choose, they do not choose to study. Because they have full personal liberty, they delight in a "fresh" manner, a swaggering gait and a superfluous demonstration that they are self-steered, as an automobile that has escaped control may insist on going round in a circle and colliding with everything in sight. Neither such machines nor such men furnish an edifying spectacle.

We cannot change the modern university back into a boarding school. We want few regulations and no spies. But we want students who can stand freedom, who can use personal liberty without abusing it and who, when they enter the university gates, can put away childish things. For such a student the inevitable readjustment to new environment will come gradually and calmly, and he will gain a new horizon without losing his common sense.

WHAT STUDIES ARE MOST USEFUL?

THAT is not an unworthy question. We have no reason to be afraid of the word useful. What cannot be used is not worth having. God Himself, *is*, in the deepest meaning of the word, a utilitarian. Education divorced from purpose becomes self-indulgent dilettantism, self-centered, anemic and perilous to the nation. A man who merely accumulates knowledge, as a miser accumulates money, is an encumbrance to his generation. "What will he do with it?" is a pertinent question.

Of course, those studies that enable one to earn a living are useful. But is that all? Can we say that bookkeeping is useful and Egyptian archeology is not? I recall a student at a famous American university who elected a course in the religion of the ancient Persians, in whom he had not the slightest interest, merely in order to fill out the required number of hours in his schedule. Two years later he became the agent of an exporting firm and was sent to Bombay, where he met the famous and wealthy colony of Parsees, who still hold to the religion of Zoroaster, the great Persian teacher. They were delighted to discover an American who had some knowledge of their traditions and understood their point of view, and

in a few years the American had built up a large eastern trade—as the result of his undesired course in the religion of ancient Persia. That study proved for him more "useful" than any possible course in banking or transportation.

The most useful studies are those which give us broad horizon. They are those that give us a sense of relation to the men around us and to the men who have lived before us. We need to know not only how the other half lives, but how the other half thinks. We must exchange ideas with other nations before we can exchange goods.

Why does the task of the day laborer or the factory worker usually seem so dull? Because he cannot see the use of it, cannot see the relation of it to the great human task of his generation. He may sew the buttons on hundreds of shoes all day long, but he does not know where the shoes came from or where they are going, or get any glimpse of the social service he is rendering, or the comfort and happiness he is bringing to thousands of his fellow men. Those studies which make the bricklayer or the farmer or the lawyer or the teacher see how his day's work is essential to the entire social order, those studies which push out our horizon and link our little lives with the life of humanity, are always vital.

Useful studies are also those that liberate and release the mind—from superstition, from prejudice, from race-hatred and all the petty animosities which spoil happiness and block progress.

Modern science has brought extraordinary release from baseless fears and provincial ideas. Science cools our passions, gives us an objective and impersonal attitude, and forces us to ask not what facts are pleasant, not what are desirable, not what are popular, but what *are* the facts. Modern science with all its faults—its occasional arrogance, its tendency to rest in materialistic explanations—has yet released millions of minds from mediaeval fear and small prejudice and taught us, in the words of James Russell Lowell, that "the universe is fire-proof and it is quite safe to strike a match."

Useful studies are always to be found in those which bring us into touch with great minds, whether past or present. Health is always more contagious than disease, and the finest things in human nature are "catching" when once our minds are really brought in touch with them. The most interesting of all studies—and the most neglected—are the biographies of the men who have led the world in thought or action. We can never explain civilization by physical science alone, by the winds and tides, the coastlines and the mountain ranges and the variations in climate. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded" lie the mysteries of personality, and to know men, their strength and weakness, their motive and purpose, their aspiration and achievement, is the best possible equipment for living. Any studies that show us how men behave and why they do so are studies

liberal and liberalizing, and far more useful than those which teach us how to get our bread and butter.

In the show window of a correspondence school I saw a glaring and vulgar sign which read: "Salary-raising education taught here." Such education, aimed purely at the pay envelope, is self-defeating and in the end proves useless. To aim, not at the raising of salaries, but at the clarifying of thought, the development of sympathy, the establishment of contacts with all humanity—that is useful study.

LIBERAL OR VOCATIONAL TRAINING?

AMERICA needs both liberal and vocational education, but it needs to distinguish very sharply between the two. What is the difference?

A liberal education is, of course, one that liberates, one that releases the mind from ignorance, prejudice, partisanship or superstition, one that emancipates the will, stimulates the imagination, broadens the sympathies, and makes the student a citizen of the world. Vocational education is that which focuses the mind on the particular trade, business, or profession which the student expects to pursue in later years, and it teaches him how to perform his future task with intelligence, skill, and competence. Vocational training, necessary and valuable as it is, does not attempt to liberate but to concentrate; not to broaden a man's horizon but to focus his mind on his job.

The boy who attends a purely vocational school learns to do some very useful things and he may go on doing them forever. If he learns to keep books, he may keep them until he is gray-headed. If he learns to drive an automobile and repair it, he may be a chauffeur for the rest of his life. If he studies gardening, he may be an excellent gardener forever. But the man who receives a

liberal education—in literature and history and economics and mathematics and philosophy—gains from it not the skill of the carpenter or the tradesman or the bookkeeper, but rather the power to do things that he never did before, and to face novel situations unafraid. The test of a liberal college course is this: Has it enabled you to do what you never expected to do, to fit into a situation you never heard of, and to know how to act in circumstances that no teacher and no book has described? Can you understand strangers and appreciate a foreigner's point of view? Can you understand after a little study an entirely new machine? Can you analyze a tangled economic situation, or see the right and wrong in a conflict of capital and labor? Can you discover the reasons for a deficit in a business, or the weakness in a political platform, or the real causes of international hatred? If you can meet such tests—and life is full of them—you may not be fitted to keep books or gardens, but you are fitted to shape some part of the civilization that is to be.

When Abraham Lincoln was perplexed by a lawyer's claiming that his case had been proved, he borrowed a geometry and began to study so that he might know what "proof" is. He was studying not law, but the logical process which underlies all law and all life.

The schoolboy studying Caesar may say: "What possible difference does it make whether that queer-looking verb is in the subjunctive or the

indicative?" None at all, if the mere form is all you are after. But does it make no difference whether you can look into a man's mind through the words he puts on paper? Does it make no difference whether Caesar said he had conquered the Germans or that he might have conquered them? Later that schoolboy may be a lawyer interpreting a clause in a contract, or may be in the Supreme Court interpreting a constitution whose smallest phrase vitally affects a hundred million people. Then no mere knowledge will suffice, no amount of technical training will help him. Then he will need that insight into other men's minds, that appreciation of institutions and their development, that capacity to infer and to conclude which only truly liberal education can give.

After the World War our students, contrary to the general expectation, came trooping back into the colleges. Why did they come? One of the ex-service men gave the reason in the language of the street: "Because we college men in the service saw that we had the jump on the other fellows." They saw the value of the accuracy that only mathematics can give, the value of modern languages as means of insight into the soul of foreign peoples, the value of history and of psychology, without which we can never comprehend either the temperament or the purposes of other races and nations. The soldiers returned to college because they had witnessed a demonstra-

tion that trained intelligence, deepened insight and instructed conscience can accomplish more in a year than massed brute strength—on the land, or in the air, or under the sea—can achieve in a half century.

"MEN descend to meet," said Emerson. Do they always? May they not also ascend and reach new heights of loyalty and vision? Surely men ascend in soul when they meet for worship, or when they join in the long procession on Commencement day, or when they cheer and sing for Alma Mater. At such times the "psychology of the crowd" is an inspiring study, since each man in the crowd is lifted up out of his narrow, provincial self into spiritual union with a host of his fellows.

Yet Emerson was right; the casual meeting of acquaintances is often a descent into the commonplace and a loss of ideals. In the street car three men may meet any morning—a journalist, an artist and an engineer. Since each man lives in a world practically unknown to the other two, they all three are silent regarding their dearest hopes, and talk about the weather. When such men meet they hide their inmost selves away, and their lives instead of intersecting are merely tangent at the surface.

During the War the training camps furnished admirable glimpses of genuine democracy. But did that democracy level down or level up? After a coarse story had been told by an officer at camp, a private said to his friend: "Do they think we are

pigs?" It is easy indeed, when strangers are suddenly thrown together, to meet on the plane of the physical or the animal. Only when some great crisis arises, when a sudden summons to heroic action comes—only then do the soldiers meet on the level of the finest among them.

The American college is possibly the best instance of democracy in the modern world. In it men are judged on their merits to a rare degree. The college asks not about a student's pedigree or his wealth or his influential friends; it asks not where he comes from, but where he is going to. The college democracy smooths off the newcomer's rough edges, reduces his swollen cranium to normal size, and assigns him on the whole his proper place in the new community. But again the insistent question comes: Does this democracy, of which we are so proud, mean leveling up or leveling down?

Many a student, when subjected to the leveling process of the new community, shrinks from revealing his best self. He hides away "all that the world's coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb" and shows to his friends only the commonplace qualities that the society around him seems to demand. He is afraid of being a "grind" or a "shark" or a prig or an esthete, afraid of seeming exceptional in any way, and so protects his real self by submerging it, as the submarine goes down when the destroyers appear. Many students conceal the fact that they care for a symphony or a sonata, and would not for the world confess the

thrill that comes to them from a Chopin prelude, because the college democracy allows nothing but ragtime or jazz. I have known students to snatch from the piano the sonata of Beethoven which one of their number was playing and insist that he substitute the fox-trot which all the men in the fraternity house could appreciate. I have seen a student carrying a volume of Shakespeare's sonnets in his inner pocket, reading it when alone, but when in a friend's room professing devotion to only the "best-sellers" and the five-cent weeklies. The student sensitive to beauty is compelled to adorn his walls with cheap posters, and the student who wants to make Sunday a day of noblest inspiration finds it hard to rise above the polite loafing of his dormitory. Compulsory smoking imposed by a social code is even more objectionable than its prohibition by printed statute.

But the most damaging of all democratic tyrannies is that which makes it bad form to profess or even to possess religious faith. The student who brings to college a deep and glowing faith, who sees that the great need of the world is not clothes to wear or bread to eat, but a real knowledge of God and of what is worth while in life—such a student is at least as much needed in a community as one of athletic or literary or dramatic ability. Do his fellow students smile at him as queer, or antiquated, or sentimental? I would rather that a son or a friend of mine should enter a "one-horse" college in the backwoods, where

religious faith is recognized as a constructive force in society, than attend the most finely equipped university where imagination and esthetic feeling and musical taste and religious conviction are rubbed off and rubbed out by the daily attrition of a pseudo-democracy. The tyranny of one man —czar or prince or boss—can be thrown off by revolution. But the tyranny of the crowd is like a clinging fog which dampens and depresses all clear and high endeavor.

Democracy must be made safe for the college if the college is to continue to be proud of it.

MYSELF

THE famous Apostles' Creed begins with the word "I," and every personal confession of faith has to begin in that way. We cannot jump out of ourselves. I am the center of all I think and do. To doubt my own existence would be to doubt my own doubt—which is intellectual suicide. Unless I believe in myself and my worth-whileness, in my own past achievements and future possibilities, my life practically comes to an end. "*Cogito, ergo sum,*" said Descartes. I am not a dream of the night, a fleeting shadow, but a living, growing self, "with power on mine own act and on the world." Tennyson says the little child very early "learns the use of I and me; so rounds he to a separate soul." I am, and I am worth while—that is the beginning of knowledge.

Unless I do believe in myself, why should I ask anyone else to believe in me? To think meanly of oneself is not humility; it is humiliation, which is a very different matter. Since a man has got to associate with himself through a measureless future, it is of immense importance to enjoy one's own companionship, to have a mind that is not a vacuum, which one abhors, nor a poor lodging house filled with vulgar tenants. If a man's mind is a guest room for happy memories, high resolves

and beckoning visions, then the owner is always in good company and can daily say, "My mind to me a Kingdom is."

In all true religion there is a place for egoism—never for egotism! In Christianity a tremendous emphasis is placed upon the self. In this respect it is in sharpest contrast with Buddhism, which makes Nirvana—the fading out of desire and even thought—the final goal. Unless a man thoroughly esteems and honors himself, believes in his own value to the world and therefore resolves to stay alive as long as he can and develop his capacities to the *nth* power, he is a poor creature, fit neither to work nor to fight nor to pray. The abjectness of Dickens' Uriah Heep is as far from reality as are the bombastic announcements of Shakespeare's Falstaff.

Without a strong and wholesome egoism there can be no genuine altruism. No man can help the world by giving himself for his friends or his country unless he has a self worth giving, a personality that counts. "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." We are learning to-day how mysterious and many-roomed the self is. We have discovered that the citadel of personality has many levels and that below the threshold of consciousness are both the noblest instincts and the wild beasts of untamed desire. As seven-eighths of the iceberg floats below the water-line, the largest part of the self is subliminal and quite unknown to us. Down in the sunless caverns of the self are resources practically inexhaustible, in-

stincts which will master us unless we master them, and the real zoölogical garden is not the one we see in the public park, but the one we carry inside.

The man who truly believes in himself so lives that each day he can say, "I am the captain of my soul." He keeps his body fit, his mind alert and open to worthy guests. He keeps the "chambers of imagery" within his conscious mind clean and wholesome. He cannot prevent foul birds from flying through his mind now and then, but he can prevent their building nests and hatching out a fouler brood. He is constantly enlarging his own self, as the chambered nautilus builds "more stately mansions" in the seashell. His whole life is a steady intellectual expansion.

Let a man, then, dare to believe in himself—otherwise he is a burden and impediment to the world. The shallowness of self-conceit, the blindness of mere self-culture, we reject and abhor. But we also reject that view of man which makes him a "worm of the dust," whether it is presented by pseudo-religion or materialistic science. He who thinks of himself as a worm will inevitably crawl and twist in unmanly fashion. He who believes himself a mere chemical combination of atoms or electrons will be incapable of those loves and hates, those loyalties and volitions, which make life worth living. But he who believes himself to bear, however dim and stained, "the image and superscription of God" has taken the first step in really living.

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

A SENIOR about to graduate from college put to me one day a rather pathetic question. He said: "How does a man secure a circle of friends? I have been absorbed in my laboratory work and have made no attempt at establishing college friendships. Now I seem to stand alone, while others are surrounded by a host of comrades and chums. How should I go to work to get friends for myself?" His complaint was perhaps naïve, but his situation not uncommon.

Friendship is seldom based on mere neighborhood. The fact that a man lives on the same street with me, or in the same boarding house, does not mean he is my friend, but may mean precisely the opposite. Two notes that are close together in the musical scale make the harshest discord.

Friendship is not based on identity of opinion. Of course, there must be some general principles held in common, but no man wants a friend who is a mere echo of himself. In fact, the most stimulating associations we know are with minds that strike fire from our own and kindle us into flame by their contact. When Thomas Carlyle returned from a visit to his close friend, John Sterling, he wrote: "Spent nearly the whole day

with Sterling, and in everything except opinions we agreed perfectly."

Enduring friendship cannot be based on personal, selfish advantage. To cultivate a man because we can use him means that we will fling him aside when his usefulness ceases. Thieves will hang together until they have secured their booty; then the partnership is dissolved. Selfishness is not a unifying but a disintegrating force.

The lasting foundations of friendship are to be found in united effort for a common cause. Men that coöperate in an enterprise that is worth while come to understand and to prize one another. If you simply join another man in bearing a canoe over a "carry" between two lakes, you may make that man your friend—or your enemy—for the rest of the summer. In any case, you will discover his quality. We cannot walk up to a stranger and propose a friendship. But we can propose giving a lift to some undertaking that needs help, and through coöperative effort we see into the souls of our fellow men. Those who are rowing in the same boat, playing on the same team, singing in the same club, fighting in the same battle are constantly making discoveries in friendship. Such men do not whine about their own isolation and solitude; they do not mope and wonder why they are not popular. They take hold of things that need to be done and join hands with the nearest group. And they soon discover that their own life has become enriched by new associations and cross-fertilized by scores of un-

sought contacts. They have arrived at the epoch-making discovery that the finest friendship is quite involuntary; it is the by-product of coöperative endeavor.

Such friendship may last and grow in spite of all the flaws and frailties that we subsequently discover in our friend. What right have we to demand perfection in him when he cannot find it in us? Indeed his very flaws and frailties may endear him to us—as architects prefer a streaked and dark-veined marble to one that is a monotonous dead white. But we can overlook flaws only so long as teamwork continues. To sit still and look at our friend is to criticize and lose him. To work with him—steadily, patiently, hopefully—is to keep him, and to find constantly new reserves and resources in him. God's good men are never perfect men. The apostles of our Lord were far from flawless. But they were united by a common danger, a common task, and a supreme devotion to one who after three years of companionship and instruction gave them no diploma, but simply said: "I have called you friends."

ON BEING A GOOD ANIMAL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, who so often flung out unforgettable phrases, wrote: "A gentleman should be a good animal." In that ascetic, cool-blooded New England thinker it might seem as if the animal nature had been completely subordinated and forgotten. But it was a philosopher, not a prize-fighter, who insisted that underneath the career and conduct of the gentlemen must lie the foundation of animal health. Many a philosopher has been a pessimist or a cynic because his body was anemic or underdeveloped and never once in his life had he known the joy of exuberant, overflowing, audacious vitality. Many a man has failed to be a gentleman, or even a true man, because a deficient vitality has made him irritable, dyspeptic, easily discouraged and hypersensitive to the "whips and stings of time."

To keep the body fit is the first essential in keeping the mind alert and operative, the conscience clear, and the soul courageous and aspiring. The word "hale" or "healthy" is simply another form of the word "whole" or "holy." The real holy man is not the Indian saint who sits on a bed of spikes or fasts until the body atrophies into skin and bones, but one who develops wholeness of personality, who raises his total self, phys-

ical, mental, and spiritual, to its highest power. Who is the "strong man" in college? Not the one who can lift the heaviest weight or pull the strongest oar. Such men often collapse a few years later because they are overgrown in one direction and underdeveloped in all others. The strong man, in college or out, is one who can toil for forty years without breaking down nervously or intellectually, but under all "the bludgeonings of chance" can remain erect, resolute, and resilient. To keep the body fit certain things are essential.

Plenty of fuel must be furnished to the bodily engine. Three good meals, eaten with a good appetite and in good company, are always a means of grace. Expensive menus are not only unnecessary, they are a positive handicap. A simple, nourishing, appetizing table costs little, even in these days, and every college is bound to furnish it to its students before it demands an intellectual output. The old German proverb, "*Was man isst, er ist*"—"a man is what he eats"—is a gross exaggeration and untruth. But when Oxford University for centuries makes the eating together of teachers and students in the great dining-hall the central function of university life, our American institutions may well cease to attempt making scholars out of students nourished at lunch counters and one-armed chairs in cheap restaurants.

Nightly sleep and daily exercise are required for a "good animal." Scholars used to think that by shortening sleep they could gain knowledge. It

was defective knowledge that allowed them to think so. The more sleep we get, if it be sound, dreamless slumber, the better we can work on waking. The kind of exercise we need must be determined after consultation with some physical director or physician. The major sports are always popular, but minor sports may be more useful. Exercise is never an end in itself, but a means to a greater end—self-control and a hundred percent of efficiency. We play golf or tennis or we go into swimming or pole-vaulting, if we are wise, not to develop our muscles, not to become a Hercules or a Sandow, but to develop the nerves that are imbedded in the muscles and so acquire a nervous system that shall be an adjustable and tireless servant of the mind. And many a man gets his best exercise in his own room, putting himself through some "daily dozen" each morning or evening and keeping fit without any games whatever. Two hours of work at maximum fitness are worth more than twenty hours when the nerves are trembling and the mind is fagged.

Above all, cleanliness, physical and mental, is essential to fitness. When the blood flows free, the skin open at every pore, and all the pipes in the body are discharging as they should, then a sense of well-being spreads through a man and it is sheer joy to be alive. Many a man will give hours to cleaning the spark-plugs of his automobile and yet let his own physical self remain clogged by poor combustion and endangered by constant "knocking." Why should a man not treat

his own body as well as he treats a machine? Treat your body with honor and respect. Do nothing to it or with it which you would be ashamed to have your best friends know. Then when some great crisis comes, and you must go forth to a hard fight, you will have under you a fit body bounding with health, "as a steed that knows his rider."

CLEAN MANHOOD

We may not like the term "purity"; it may sound too much as if we expected angelic whiteness and ethereal delicacy in full-blooded human beings. But certainly all of us like clean men—clean in body and mind.

Physical cleanliness means that one's body is well-groomed—skin, nails, hair, hands and feet. A noted college president has divided all students into two classes—those who take a cold bath daily and those who do not. Certainly such an ablution is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." We may laugh at the Englishman's demand for his "tub," whether he be in London, Cairo, Bombay or Hongkong; but the tub is merely part of the Englishman's keeping fit, and fitness is never laughable.

Still more important is the inner bath, that is, of the nose and throat and digestive organs. If the sewage system of the body is clogged, the same results follow as when the sewers of a city are stopped up with refuse. To flush out the body now and then is as essential as the flushing of the city streets on a hot summer morning. A body that is clean and wholesome within is the fit instrument of a sound and wholesome mind.

And it is the mind which is chiefly concerned

in the problem of sexual cleanliness. If the memory and imagination are kept clean, the foul diseases which are the dark shadow of civilization will not gain a foothold in the body. Moral strength is not greatly promoted by lurid pictures of disease, any more than temperance is promoted by red and yellow charts of the drunkard's stomach. We cannot scare men into morality; we cannot build strong manhood on the foundations of fear. But we can realize that a clean mind will have no taste for smut and is simply nauseated by rottenness, physical or mental.

There is nothing wrong in the sexual instinct; it is as natural as our hunger for food. But when the sexual impulse takes the bit in its teeth and overleaps all the barriers imposed by the tragic experience of the centuries, then it becomes the tyrannical master and makes the man its slave. The slave of hunger we call a glutton; the slave of drink we term drunkard; the slave of sex—instead of calling him names, simply read the appalling story of Oscar Wilde. The constant need of every man is not to eradicate normal instincts and appetites but to regulate and use them in the service of the higher self and of the entire social order. The sexual instinct may seem inordinately strong, as hunger was too strong and led to gross and brutal feeding in the days of the Vikings. We no longer have to contend with gluttony; that disgusting evil has nearly died out among civilized men. But sexual passion, with equally nauseating results, is still too strong for many men. Nature

has made it strong in order to secure the perpetuation of the family. In childhood that passion is asleep, and in a normal and wholesome old age it goes to sleep again, leaving the soul once more unvexed and serene. Thus the normal personality is like a ship emerging from a quiet harbor, sailing out over a storm-vexed and perilous ocean, and entering again a port where the storm winds have ceased to blow. But if passion is prematurely excited in childhood, or unnaturally retained and provoked in later years, the entire personality will suffer shipwreck. Passion has its place and function in the establishment of a happy home, and for that function should be sacredly preserved.

That a man should live cleanly for his own sake goes without saying. Nature's penalties are swift and sure, and the path of moral perversion leads straight to the door of the insane asylum. The mind goes to pieces when it lets the body rule. Shakespeare in that memorable sonnet where he vividly describes "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame" pathetically concludes:

> All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
> To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

But the chief reason for clean manhood is not prudential. It is not to save our own skin but to save ourselves from ruining other lives. The greatest rascal known to civilization is he who ruins another life and then runs away. To treat every woman as one would want his sister treated by other men is a safe rule. To transmit un-

tainted blood and wholesome principles to those who shall come after us and bear our name is the least an honorable man can do.

Recently a student, who had been somewhat wild and reckless, sat at a table in a biological laboratory looking through a microscope at a tiny globule of protoplasm. Suddenly he stood up. "I see it now," he cried; "I am a single link between the generations before me and those who may come after. I will not be a rotten link in that chain!"

AFRAID OF THAT WHICH IS HIGH

THAT is the Old Testament description of old age: "They shall be afraid of that which is high." It appears, then, that age and decrepitude are not determined by the calendar, but by one's attitude toward life. How old are you, really? The answer must be given not in years and days, but in temper and disposition. Whoever says: "That is true, but I dare not acknowledge it; that is right, but I cannot live up to it"—he is in his dotage, whether his years be seventeen or seventy. Whoever says: "That is right and true, and therefore at all hazards I follow it"—he is young and to be reckoned with.

We need men to-day who dare to stand for high standards in athletic sports. Low standards are everywhere around us, and in professional baseball and football men are bought and sold like cattle. Every man who plays on a varsity team in any sport has constantly presented to him the question whether he is afraid of that which is high. Is it not necessary to stoop in order to win? Does not the opposing college team include men who were secretly hired to play against us? Has not that team, that other college, a system of "scouts" and "athletic scholarships" and "proselyting," so that its team represents not the ability but the purse of our opponents? Does not the

other team frequently adopt underhand methods "and get away with it"? Must we not meet the opponent on his own level, unless we are prepared to face the chagrin of our own college and the ridicule of the press? Do we dare to be what we profess to be? What we really need is not so much a winning team, as a strong team—too strong to stoop to foul play, strong enough to accept defeat without whining and victory without boasting.

We need also high standards in business life. Thomas Carlyle tells us that his father built many stone cottages in Scotland which bid fair to last a century, so honest was the workmanship; while some other masons, he said, broke the Ten Commandments with every stroke of the hammer. Thousands of workingmen by reducing their own efficiency, limiting their output and threatening others who want to do their best, are making work dishonorable and converting carpenters, builders and weavers into industrial slackers. They have become afraid to do their best.

Into business enterprise the same faint-heartedness creeps, and men who could face death on the battlefield without flinching simply do not dare to conduct their business on any higher level than "devil take the hindmost." "What are you in business for?" I asked a college graduate. With excellent candor he answered: "To make my little pile, and get out." Suppose the soldier should say that—you would wish to strip off his uniform. Suppose the preacher should confess that his only

object was the salary, or the doctor that his only interest was in the fees—you would not invite him to enter your home again. Why do we demand that a teacher in a public school shall teach from love of the children or love of learning, and allow a contractor who builds the schoolhouse to do it solely from the love of money? Why do we demand that a fireman shall risk his life at midnight with no thought of compensation, in order to save shoes from a burning store, and expect the man who sells the shoes to do so only to put money in his purse? All such distinctions are unreal and deceptive. There is not one standard for the preacher and doctor and fireman and another for the business man. All of us must learn to live for the same great aim, for the commonwealth, for the social order of which we are a part, for the America that is to be. All of us are silent partners with the state, and our aim is not simply money in the purse—if we render valuable service that will come of itself—but new wealth and joy and efficiency in the life of humanity.

Are we afraid of anything so high? Invertebrate men and women are afraid, and conceal their fear behind a mask of scorn or cynicism. What can hold us to the ideal in the face of the easy scoffing around us? There is deep truth in the motto carved in brown stone over the entrance to a great Y. M. C. A. building. In the stone is cut the figure of a human hand grasping a cross; and underneath are only three words: *Teneo et tenor* —"I hold and am held."

II

THE WIDENING HORIZON

THE OPENING OF COLLEGE

It was an American poet who, writing in the autumn, said: "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." Surely Bryant was not writing in New England. Here the gladdest days in the whole twelve months come in autumn. When there is a tang and sparkle in the morning air, when the harvest moon or the hunter's moon lingers long in the evening sky, when the "precious fruit of the earth" has been gathered in, when the forests put on the rich colors of some rare Persian rug, when college gates swing wide and students are crowding through—then the man who does not feel the inspiration and the summons to invest his life in something worth while must be both deaf and blind.

We may well contrast our opening this morning with the opening a few years ago during the World War. Then we had placed the college under military control. Every dormitory was a barracks and armed guards were at every gate. Many a time in October and November, 1918, I stood on the campus in the frosty morning twilight to see the students pour out of the dormitories before breakfast. At 6 o'clock came the reveille, at 6:10 roll call on the campus, at 6:30 mess in the Union, and then followed a fifteen-

hour program of study and drill, until taps sounded at 10 o'clock and every light went out in every window. All of us then were of one heart and soul. No individual thought of his own safety, but only of his country and of human liberty. All student organizations disappeared as by magic. There were two organizations only, the army and the navy, and every able-bodied student over eighteen years of age was in one or the other, and the fifty or sixty students who were ineligible were almost in despair. What unselfishness we had, what teamwork, what devotion to the common good! The S. A. T. C. was not a complete success; its defects and failures we all could see, but it did mean a great democracy, a noble fellowship, a supreme devotion.

This year things are wholly different and we rejoice. But the same high, stern virtues are needed in days of peace as in time of war. No armed guard—then each man must guard the citadel of his own soul! No bugle call now—then each man must hear the summons of his country to unselfish citizenship. No drill-master now shouts the orders—then each man must order his own life, must keep his body fit, his mind keen, his soul unstained. No call now to shield Paris from the advancing terror—then each man of us must protect American cities from ignorance and vice, from radicalism and reaction, from the disintegrating forces of greed and vice and anarchy.

Militarism is an artificial control to which liberal-minded men submit in time of supreme

danger, but which they soon come to resent. It is the exact opposite of liberal training. It substitutes external control for inner authority, official obedience in place of inward consent, and treats men—necessarily and rightly—as anonymous units, as mere cogs in the military machine. The liberal college, on the other hand, holds that no two men are alike, that drill is subordinate to insight and reflection, that obedience is worthless unless it springs from conviction, and that the "psychology of the crowd" must be replaced by the quiet determination of a reasoned faith.

Does the opening of college mean the opening of minds? Are we intellectually curious, ready to welcome new points of view, ready to exchange ideas with our neighbors? "Given to hospitality" is the New Testament description of the ideal man. But hospitality is more than effusive greeting of strangers, it is more than the opening of bolted doors. It means the opening of the mind to strange truths, and entertaining those truths long enough to find out whether we want to adopt them into our family or to send them packing into the street.

College is absolutely useless unless we bring to it genuine intellectual interests. All of us are born, like kittens, with the eyes shut. Some men come to college with eyes still closed. The greater interests of life have not gripped them. Their existence is not vicious, but hopelessly trivial. Even to discuss a really weighty problem of industry, politics, or religion, as all European stu-

dents constantly do, is to "queer" oneself irretrievably. Listen to the conversation in the fraternity house, the field house, the boarding house—does it rise above the level of the talk at Coney Island? But the world does not look to the Island for intellectual leadership, and it does look—how eagerly!—to the one institution which embodies all its chief hopes and loyalties, the American college.

Interested men are always interesting. A man with no deep-seated enthusiasms for any cause, no convictions for which he will live or die, no desire to follow up any truth, is not only a parasite, but a bore. He is not even interesting to himself. But a college of genuine intellectual enthusiasms will draw to itself the ablest minds, as soon as they find out what is going on. Sir Walter Scott went to the university with only a superficial smattering by way of preparation, and could not keep up with his comrades in the classics. But he found a "true yoke-fellow" in John Irving, enthusiastic over mediaeval romance. Every Saturday they would take a few books from the library, stroll off to Salisbury Crags and read themselves away from college dons into the fascinating company of King Arthur's court. Charles Darwin made little progress at Cambridge until he discovered Professor Henslow, who every week kept open house to the undergraduates. With him young Darwin tramped over the countryside, drinking in not only knowledge of the natural world but cultivating an enthusiastic devotion to

scientific research which recreated him and sent him forth to recreate the world of thought.

What shall the opening of college be to us this year? The mere unlocking of doors and the sweeping out of dusty rooms? Or shall it be the opening of the heart to friendship, of the mind to new truth, of the soul to the inflowing spirit?

NEW MOTIVES TO OLD VIRTUES

THE change in the character of college songs in the last fifty years is at least suggestive. A half-century ago our fathers in the American colleges could find no nobler song than *Ubi sunt, O pocula, dulciora melle*—"Where is the drinking cup, sweeter than honey." Embryo preachers and missionaries and total abstainers gravely sang on every college occasion: "Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl," or melodiously professed themselves to be "rolling, reeling home by the light of the moon." The point is not that the young men of to-day have turned against strong drink, but that they no longer sing about it. Such songs would to-day be inconceivably insipid, or at least out of key with present-day activities. The typical college song to-day is not convivial, but athletic; not a call to relaxation and self-indulgence, but a call to heroic defense of the fair name of their college.

The change in college singing—a small matter in itself—indicates a change in the center of gravity and a new devotion to the welfare of the whole body, demanding strenuous effort on the part of each one. The whole college life is built to-day not on the idea of contributing to the pleasure or the knowledge or the advancement of the individual student, but on the idea that each student

is contributing to the advancement and honor and prestige of the institution. That social motive has replaced the old individual or prudential motive of the former generation.

When a student to-day forms a vicious habit, if some college officer says to him: "You are injuring your health and hurting your chances in life," there is usually a feeble response to such a counsel of prudence. Young blood feels quite willing to take a purely personal risk. But if a friend says: "You are hurting your college, you are bringing reproach upon it in the public press," I have yet to find a student who does not respond instantly, if not strongly, to that appeal.

The same motive operates to-day throughout society. Fear of any kind of penalty is not now sufficient to deter wrongdoers. We all believe with Robert Burns:

> The fear o' hell's the hangman's rope
> To haud the wretch in order.

We must appeal to something deeper than the desire to escape. That motive alone fails to operate. But the idea of loyalty to one's own group —whether that group be a college, a fraternity, a football team, a labor union, a gang of thieves, or one's entire generation—that motive is now the most powerful on earth. Authoritarian ethics may be necessary for children, but mere obedience to law because we fear the penality behind it cannot produce the noblest character. Even to obey the

Ten Commandments because we are afraid of the smoke and thunder of Sinai is to become a cowering creature. In driving an automobile we keep to the right, not because of the policeman at the street-corner, but because we clearly see that through the general observance of that simple rule safety and happiness are promoted throughout the city and the nation. But in England the rule is reversed and safety and happiness are secured through the rule that one must "keep to the left." Whenever we can find a rule of action that promotes safety, happiness and well-being among all nations and through all the ages, that becomes for us a divine command. "The universe," says Mr. Henry Ford, "is set in a certain direction, and when you go along with it, that is 'goodness.' If you don't, you are getting an admonitory kind of experience."

We must, therefore, not despair if the older types of exhortation and exhorter no longer make much impression on our "crooked and perverse generation." The truth is it is neither crooked nor perverse to demand that men speak to us in the language of the present day and urge motives that make present appeal. Never was there so much moral sensitiveness as to-day, never so much urge toward sheer altruism, so much desire to make our life count in the total life of our time. But that sensitiveness does not come to the surface in the face of threatened penalty, whether it be a fine, or suspension from college, or the ultimate terrors of Dante's Inferno. It does emerge, it leaps

and glows, when we hear of a chance to live so intensely or die so nobly that all the life of our generation is made finer and better.

When Jacob Riis published *How the Other Half Lives*, his friend Theodore Roosevelt read it, and at once went down to lower Manhattan and climbed the creaking stairs to congratulate the writer. As Mr. Riis was not at home, Mr. Roosevelt simply left a visiting card, after writing on it: "Have read your book and came to help." Those words "came to help" might not be a bad obituary for any of us.

TWO KINDS OF HYPOCRISY

EVERY normal man hates hypocrisy. But do we realize that there are two kinds, one the reverse of the other? There is the hypocrisy of pretending to be better than we are, and there is the hypocrisy of pretending to be worse, meaner and smaller, than we really are. The first kind is held in general abhorrence; the second kind is exceedingly common to-day.

There is something in the native American temper which compels the steady repression of the best. Doubtless it comes to us from the English stock—so different from the emotional temperament of the Latins!—which always shrinks from the slightest betrayal of feeling. The Englishman habitually uses understatement of his deeper convictions. He talks of "doing his bit" when he means laying down his life. He says "rather" when he means "with all my heart." As for shedding undignified tears, no calamity could compel him to do that. Stern self-repression, exercised through many centuries, means that men of Saxon heritage will never betray to any spectator—sometimes not to the closest friend—their sympathy, or affection, or religious devotion. To such a man there seems something indecent about

exposing one's heart to the gaze of the public, or even to the gaze of wife or child.

Indeed we have known men who by a strange perversion of modesty deliberately seek to appear worse than they are. Men of the old New England ancestry sometimes wish to be thought "hard"—that is the reputation they covet. To seem sympathetic toward a debtor is to be thought weak and flabby. Hence they cultivate a harsh manner, wear the visor down in every encounter, conceal all private benevolence and cultivate a reputation for exacting the pound of flesh. They take a curious pride in hiding their generosity and exhibiting their inflexible demand for justice.

In truth, all of us, whatever our pedigree, are usually ashamed of our best. "Shy as a girl" is an old phrase, but there is no human being so shy as the average young man. He positively blushes to be discovered in an act of kindness, is sometimes ashamed of his loyalty to his mother or his faith in God, and often wants to be considered "tough," as if toughness were identical with strength. He conceals his love of poetry and his reading of the Bible, keeps down under the decks his romance and his religious faith, and keeps on exhibition only the conventional pose of the college man. Is such posing comedy or tragedy?

Pray, why should the worst in us get itself easily uttered, and the best be crowded down and suppressed? Why, when we get up in the morning, should all our petty irritations and criticisms be spoken out and vented on a room-mate, while

our sympathy and courage and confidence are shamefacedly concealed? Is it not arrant hypocrisy? Why do we spill over our ill humor so easily and choke back all our faith in God and man? Why do we so lightly utter our poorer selves—in cheap music, bromidic conversation, stale humor, in "knocking" and "crabbing"—and hide away the nobler self which the poor, distracted world so deeply needs to-day?

Self-expression is the watchword in some quarters to-day. We are told that long enough have our instincts been repressed, that all sorts of evil consequences will follow unless we give free rein to the desires that lie deepest in the hidden recesses of the mind. I quite agree. But what desires are really deepest—those which we share with the monkey and the hyena, or those which we share with the saints of yesterday and the heroes of to-day? Let yourself out—yes, I recommend it. But see to it that you let out that finer and nobler self that has so long been concealed from those you love best. Taboos and conventions and inherited fears and senseless inhibitions have so made cowards of us all that we have kept our best selves under lock and key. This is the characteristic hypocrisy of the American college.

COMMUNE VINCULUM

ALL studies and students, said Cicero, have a "common bond," something that gives them unity and solidarity. What is it that unites educated persons to-day?

A century ago all educated men had been through the same curriculum. When the graduates of Harvard then met the graduates of Brown or Yale or Amherst they were all on a level of common knowledge and discipline. All were equally familiar with "intellectual and moral philosophy" and equally ignorant of what we now call modern science. The classical quotations of Burke in the English Parliament fell on ears which had been trained to detect any misplaced accent, and the speeches of Charles Sumner and Edward Everett were full of literary allusions that formed the common stock of all educated men. But now our young men and women are trained in many different types of school—classical, vocational, technical, military—before they enter college, and those graduating from the same college in the same year may never have met in any classroom. Are educated people then "dissevered, discordant, belligerent"? Has the old unity given way to anarchy and chaos? Far from it. All minds educated in the modern spirit have two things that

bind them together—a common method in attacking all problems, and a common view of the universe.

All men who have imbibed the modern spirit have adopted the same method of study—patient observation of facts, classification of the facts, inference, verification, conclusion. We may call that the scientific method, the inductive method, or what we will. It is the method pursued by the astronomer studying the surface of Mars, by the archeologist trying to decipher an Egyptian inscription, by the engineer studying the cause of a railroad accident, and by all men who truly live in the modern world. It is indeed not the only method of finding truth. The child may learn truth from its parents, by authority. The traveler in a foreign land may learn truth from the natives, by testimony. But every living man educated in the last fifty years longs to pass beyond authority and testimony and examine the facts for himself, and from the mass of facts by patient study to draw out the truth. The joy of actually thus discovering some bit of new truth is the keenest intellectual satisfaction the mind can know.

But educated minds have another bond: they think of the universe not as a finished fact but an unfolding process. They do not conceive the world as completed six thousand or six million years ago, but as still being created, still in process of becoming, in accordance with unchanging law. What a man thinks of the universe is immensely

more important than what he thinks of the little part of it that he calls his office or his house. Our fathers thought of the universe as a static thing, a piece of carpentry or cabinet work, carved out long ago by a divine artificer. Milton represents God as taking a huge pair of celestial compasses and marking out the enormous design of the world He was about to create. Such creation might well be finished in six days of twenty-four hours each, although the Sunday School boy when told so asked: "What business has God been in since?"

Science has finally come to the aid of religion by making the "carpenter theory" impossible. It shows us creation now going on and summons us to take part in it. Still the mountains are sliding into the valleys and the valleys moving off into the sea. Still Niagara is cutting deeper each year its channel, still coastlines are rising or falling under the pressure of the earth's interior, and still new stars are being born in the sky. Constantly new species of flowers and fruits are arising, new governments and civilizations replacing the old, and the world is in perpetual unfolding before our eyes. The world is not, as Paley thought, a cunningly contrived watch found on the moor, it is a far more wonderful living organism. The simile of the watch has been replaced, as John Fiske said, by the simile of the flower.

Of course this view of the world is embedded deep in the Bible, which ever has the forward look, the expectant attitude, and teaches that the

fundamental law of the Kingdom is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." But, however we support this view of the world as an evolving process, it is the great unifying force in modern thinking, the one conception which holds educated men together. Belief that the world is process is as much a test of education as belief that the earth is a globe. A man may deny it if he will, but then he speaks another language, and we need not talk with him further.

Here, then, is the great and notable bond among all the college and university graduates of the world: they attack all the problems and difficulties of life in the same way, and they see all life and the whole world itself as a constantly unfolding disclosure—of what? To all serious men it is the disclosure of thought; to me—and I hope to you—it is the revealing of Infinite Thought.

THE SNARE OF PREPARATION

MANY students suffer from the fallacy of forever getting ready. They are victims of what Tolstoi calls "the snare of preparation." Many of us think of to-day as simply a dull preparation for to-morrow, a sort of poor waiting-room in a railroad station, bleak and desolate enough, where we must sit until the train is ready to carry us to some happier place. But a life spent in waiting-rooms, a life of preparation days, is a life neither of religion nor common sense.

We have seen American travelers in Europe living in the same obliviousness to present opportunity. They are always getting ready to see the great sights. On the steamer from New York they are buried in the guidebook to London. In London they are "reading up" on Paris. In Paris they are "reading up" on Rome. And in Rome they are busy negotiating for a stateroom on the steamer back to America. The thing they want is always round the corner, and their ceaseless occupation is getting ready to see, to know. Soon they are at home again, without having lived one vivid day of glowing present experience, one day of "fine, careless rapture."

A famous preacher, looking back over a twenty-five years' ministry, said he realized that for a

quarter century he had been simply getting ready for next Sunday. Many a housekeeper spends the spring in preparing to close her house for the summer, and her summer in planning how to open her house in the autumn.

In the grammar or grade schools children are preparing for the high schools. The high schools and academies we frankly call "preparatory schools," because in them the emphasis is all on something beyond, which is supposed to be the real thing. In college our students are preparing for business or professional careers; then they are preparing to secure a competence for old age; and then—do they hear the voice of the ancient prophet crying, "Prepare to meet thy God"? But why not meet Him far back in schooldays or at the fireside? Shall we spend our years in breathless pursuit of the next thing?

The great reform in education would be to abolish "preparatory schools," and make school life a fine and worthy thing in itself, so that if the student never goes any further he has still had a rich and enlarging experience under large-minded, great-souled men and women. In a real school we are not getting ready to live—we are living. "The best preparation for life is participation in life."

If the life of school and college is to-day nervous and anxious and involved in the "snare of preparation," it is because such is the life of our nation. The faces of the people opposite us in the street car are seldom serene—they are tensely

watching for the corner where they are to alight. When you talk with some people you are queerly conscious that they are not looking at you, but beyond you. They are looking at the man just behind you in the crowd or thinking of some appointment to be met. We call such folk absent-minded, because their bodies are in one place and their minds in another. And when they are forever preparing for the next thing, the thing they have in hand is done feebly and badly.

One of the greatest golf players seen in recent years in America was asked to write out the secret of his success, and he did so. The pith of what he wrote is this: "Play each shot as it comes without regret over past mistakes or worry over future trouble. . . . If I had fretted over missing my tee shot, or bothered about the lie of the ball, I wouldn't have had a chance. Make up your mind to accept a bad lie and some bad luck as part of the game and to be expected."

Not only in playing games, but in the heaviest responsibilities of life the carefree attitude of a concentrated mind is the chief essential to success. A famous American banker recently wrote: "My own method has been to live each day as though it were the only day I had to live and to crowd everything possible into that day. Pay no attention to the clock or to what you are paid, but work and live for all there is in it—just as you would play football—and everything else will take care of itself."

Are we advocating Oriental indifference, or

negligence of the future? Surely not. The banker is not careless of the future; the golfer is not indifferent to the final score. But those men know that the only way to make the future secure is to live whole-heartedly in the present moment, to be present-minded, to fling one's total self into the work of each morning. Goethe put this into unforgettable words when he wrote, "*Wo du bist, sei alles*"—"Wherever thou art, be wholly there!"

MAKING UP ONE'S MIND

WHEN a man is facing the necessity of a vital decision, how does he make up his mind? When he stands at the crossroads and must turn to the right or the left, what are the elements which determine a wise decision? America was two and one-half years in making up its mind to enter the World War, and it went into that war with flaming purpose and undivided soul because the nation had waited until it was sure of its duty. How can the individual facing his own problem reach a decision as clear and compelling?

The first step is to secure information, to become sure of the facts. To choose blindly is probably to choose wrong. No amount of good intention or altruistic purpose or pious aspiration will take the place of plain knowledge of the facts involved. Shall I invest in a certain railroad stock? The first essential is to know the history, the officers, the financial condition of that railroad. Shall I enter a large university or a small college? The first need is to know something about the opportunities, the atmosphere, the ideals, the product, of several American institutions. Decision without facts is delusion.

The second step in wise decision consists in taking counsel. All around us are men or women

who have lived longer and deeper than we, who have groped and climbed, who have known preliminary failure and permanent success. Why not talk with a few of those who have scaled the summits before us? If a man is trying to decide whether to be a physician or an engineer, he cannot decide alone and in a vacuum. The experienced physician not only can give him information regarding the profession, but can expound its strength and its weakness, its requirements and its satisfactions and its relation to other kinds of public service. So the experienced engineer's estimate of his own calling is invaluable to one who stands on the threshold and queries whether he should enter. No one adviser is enough; each new one may cast a new ray of light on our problem or give us a new angle of vision. In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom, provided that we surrender to none of them, but keep the decision wholly within ourselves.

A third element in wise decision is absolute candor and unselfishness. A man cannot be a good judge when passion or appetite or prejudice is plucking at his sleeve. If a man is secretly or unconsciously biased, his judgment is warped and untrustworthy. If in the subconscious self there is already a resolve to "get rich quick," or a violent repugnance to certain kinds of work, or a determination never to live in certain places, of course candid consideration is impossible and the final decision is a matter of emotion rather than reason. Only when one is ready to do anything,

anywhere on earth that duty may call, only then can he find out what he ought to do. "The pure in heart shall see."

After one has obtained knowledge of the facts, the counsel of friends and an open mind, then comes the final, solitary and almost involuntary decision. A man then goes alone with himself and waits for his fluid mind to crystallize into clear and solid judgment. The process is like the precipitation of some chemical held in solution. So long as the liquid is agitated no crystals are deposited. But when it remains at rest for sufficient time, slowly and automatically the solid emerges from the fluid and a permanent deposit is made. In all real decision there is no forcing process; there is a slow settling of judgment, an involuntary solidifying of floating impressions and vague desires into a definite and permanent choice. We do not deliberately "make up our mind," but after deliberation we suddenly discover that our mind has been made up.

From such deliberate decision there should be no retreat. Once having said "Yes," the word "No" we must banish from our vocabulary. We must rest in our choice, whatever results it may bring. It is better to stand by a bad decision than to wobble and oscillate between bad and good. "For better for worse" is the mark on all high resolve. Resolute adherence to one's own decision may transform a blunder into a stepping-stone. We cannot wait to acquire all possible wisdom. We cannot stand shivering on the brink

of action because we may regret it. The only incurable regret will come from failure to act at all.

Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

GOOD ENGLISH

WHEN a noted teacher of engineering was recently discussing the kind of education needed to-day, he said that two attainments above all others are requisite to the successful engineer: insight into other men's minds, and ability to express one's own thought in the mother tongue. It is of the second requirement that we wish to speak now.

It is not engineers alone who fail in the use of the English language, but men in every occupation and profession. The engineer often cannot write a brief, clear letter, or render a report on a complicated process so that others can know what he is talking about. He has valuable ideas in his brain, but he cannot "put them across," and when he attempts to explain a process or a machine he simply befogs and bewilders everybody. American officers in the Spanish-American War had the same difficulty, and often a careful perusal of their dispatches left us still ignorant of what was going on in Caribbean waters. To-day the officers in our banks tell us that their clerks cannot write letters that are at the same time definite and courteous, explicit as to detail and winsome in manner. And when our young people go outside of the business world and try to discuss social and political problems, to deal with music and art

and poetry and religion, they often stammer and halt or seem possessed of a dumb spirit. How then can we acquire a good mastery of the mother tongue?

We must first learn to think, since clear thinking usually means clear writing. Fog in mental processes means a hazy style of speech. A muddy mind emits muddy sentences. One student, being asked in an examination to describe the structure of a certain kind of timber, wrote: "The structure is composed of color, size and weight." That sentence was grammatically perfect, yet it means nothing. There is no trouble with the syntax, yet it conveys no idea, because there was no clear-cut idea in the student's mind. Out of nothing, nothing comes, and out of confused mental processes issue only confusing paragraphs which befog all discussion and leave all readers in the dark. The style of Professor Huxley was limpid, lucid, crystalline, because his mind was, in his own phrase, a "clear, cold logic engine." If Samuel Johnson had a style which "made little fishes talk like whales," it was because the movement of his own mind was ponderous and at times elephantine.

Another way of acquiring good English is through association with those who have it. Fine manners—in conduct or in speech—are not taught so much as they are caught. There is a happy contagion of language that comes only through close association with writers or speakers who possess a varied, strong and lucid vocabulary, and

a flexible and cogent style. This is essentially the idea of Oxford University, where there have never been any entrance examinations in English and where no English course is required after entrance. "How, then," I said to an Oxford professor, "do the students acquire their English?" He smiled, as he answered: "English cannot be taught; your endless blue-penciled essays seem to us beside the mark. All we ask is that students by reading and conversation associate with their betters. Then style comes unbidden and unconscious." Of course, Oxford has not had to deal with the polyglot population of America. But there is much truth in the Oxford point of view. The vulgar "he don't" and "it ain't" will never be cured by blue pencils, but by intimacy with preceptors or tutors or friends who have never descended into the swamps of slovenly speech, and by intimate, constant contact with the great writers of England and America. Above all is the King James version of the Bible a "well of English undefiled." Many an untutored Christian, brought up on the sinewy sentences, the pithy proverbs, the tender appeals, the majestic visions of Moses, Isaiah and St. Paul, has a command of the vernacular which the university graduate might well envy.

And that leads us to say that good English in the last analysis springs out of good character. The man who has a cowardly or unclean mind will be sure to spill out his internal fear or smut, and no rules of grammar can help him. The man who is coarse and vulgar inside emits a vulgarizing

speech that coarsens the life of the whole college. If he is inwardly vile, he should at least keep his foulness to himself and not expectorate over the whole campus. But such reticence is not long possible. "What you are," said Emerson, "speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." Vainly does any man try to separate fine speech from fine living. A greater than Emerson said: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

BEFORE EXAMINATIONS

THERE are two classes of students who may make a poor showing in any examination. The first class is composed of the nervous, sensitive, high-strung students, and the other class includes the nonchalant and blasé.

The nervous, hyper-sensitive student fears any unusual test and is never at his best under strain. For him anticipation is even worse than reality, just as a swimmer shivers far more on the shore of the lake than after he has plunged in. But what sort of life is it that cannot stand a sudden strain? "An unexamined life," said Socrates, "is not worth living." What sort of battleship would it be which could not stand a trial trip? What would be the value of an automobile whose engine could not be safely tested before it leaves the builders? Whatever cannot be subjected to emergency tests is essentially unsound and unfit for daily use. No mainspring is put into any watch, no incandescent bulb is ever sold, until it has been tried out by subjecting it to tests more stringent than ordinary uses can impose. Indeed there is solid satisfaction in passing a hard test successfully. The man who is examined for a life-insurance policy, and pronounced sound in every vital organ, finds his examination day reassuring

and inspiring. But the man who dares not apply for a physical examination, lest it should disclose some defect in him, has already proved himself a mental defective and moral delinquent.

On the other hand some students never do well in examinations because they carry an assumed superiority and indifference to all tests. They decline to worry and ostentatiously neglect to prepare. But the man who never rouses himself to meet an emergency never discovers his own powers. Through pride or indifference he lives habitually below par, exerting perhaps only fifty percent of his potential energy. He can never compete with men of less ability who are using one hundred percent of the energy they possess.

If the college Faculty should abolish examinations, the students would at once reëstablish them. In fact students already have their entrance examinations for every student activity and impose more rigorous requirements than any Faculty ever dreamed of. No man can join the glee clubs or the dramatic organization until he has been tested. To "make" a varsity team in athletics or debating means that one has been through many a contest which has weeded out the lesser men. To become manager of a college publication demands two or three years of the hardest kind of competitive struggle. No Faculty ever imposed so prolonged and severe a test on any undergraduate. All student organizations decline to receive new members without rigid, searching examinations, and with fine sporting spirit the newcomer willingly sub-

mits. To approach those tests either with cowardice or with indifference would stamp one as made of poor stuff. A true man is quite willing to be tried out, and may actually enjoy the process.

The first essential in approaching a test is to keep physically fit. One hour when the nerves are firm and the brain is functioning like a smooth-running engine is worth three hours of effort when the nerves are jaded and the brain is painfully pumping up forgotten data.

We should also experience the benefit and exhilaration which comes from a "bird's-eye view" of the whole subject at the end of the term. The daily grind of lectures or recitations may overwhelm us with facts and our general ideas become very vulgar fractions. We may come to suppose that an education consists of merely attending classes; as someone has said, "a liberal education means 120 semester hours." It is an immense inspiration at the end of the semester to rise above hours and classes and dates and formulas, and look over the whole subject at once, as a man from a mountain summit looks down on the valleys through which he has been trudging. To do the trudging and then never see the landscape as a whole would be a blunder.

The world outside the college is full of "comprehensive examinations." Whenever the physician faces a new patient, or the lawyer a new jury, he is put to a novel test. When a man is a candidate for some high office his entire pre-

vious career is under the searchlight, and all he has done and said for years is scrutinized by thousands. We might as well get used to these tests now, take them rationally, calmly, even smilingly, putting every ounce of energy into honest preparation and accepting the result with no alibi, but with an honest willingness to be judged by our own output. To such a test, in college or afterward, a student may go with quiet confidence —as the runner goes to the track or the ball-player goes to the bat.

ANALYSIS

When a child looks out of the window at a distant forest it sees nothing but a green blur or blotch on the horizon. All the parts of the forest, all the trees, shrubs, vines, mosses, are swallowed in that undifferentiated blur outside the window. But a few years later, as the child grows up, he begins to break up that forest into its component parts. He learns to distinguish pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar; learns where the winding paths run, where the birds build their nests; he has analyzed the confused blur into its elements, and for the first time really begins to know the forest.

That is the only way to know anything. Analysis is the indispensable first step in all knowledge. Some men seem to go through life as if in a confusing mist. No idea is for them sharply defined, no statement is exactly true or really false, and all things are nebulous and indistinct. But the educated man attacks every idea or institution with this tool of analysis and obeys the ancient Roman motto: *Divide et impera*—"Divide and conquer." The process may be dangerous; of course it is! It may be painful to the student or his friends, it may seem at times to unsettle the foundations of truth or of society;

but without it nothing is understood and all education is impossible.

The conception of matter has undergone most radical changes in the last century, due largely to ever more searching analysis. We used to think of molecules as the constituent particles of every material substance; then we dissolved them into atoms, now into ions or electrons; and steadily, relentlessly, we are dissolving the visible universe into the invisible energy from whence it sprang.

So the student must treat the social and economic ideas which underlie society. Private property, the conception on which our economic world is built, where did it originate? Was all property once held in common? Is the world moving toward a larger degree of common ownership? Has any citizen an absolute right to anything, or are all his rights but tentative and temporary arrangements? Will the state some day assume—or resume—control? Similar questions must be asked about the family. Was its original form monogamous? What did Abraham think, what did Plato write, about polygamy? The student who is afraid to ask such questions had better not elect any college courses in economics or social science or ethics.

So we must proceed in the study of the Bible. To view it as a solid block is not to understand it. The student who wants to understand will dissect it into books, and will ask of each one, When? Where? Why? To whom? He must

distinguish between the prophetic and the priestly elements, between the historic and the hortatory, must study authors, periods, tendencies, and must fearlessly face all facts. A man might worship the Bible without opening it, or by opening it only far enough to find a few favorite verses. But until he analyzes his Bible he cannot know it.

This process of differentiating ideas, of disentangling essentials, has always been considered perilous. Socrates was compelled to drink the hemlock because he persisted in doing it. He was esteemed a menace to the state because he insisted on following every idea back to its nest. Roger Williams was "enlarged" out of Massachusetts because he thoroughly analyzed the claims of the magistrates in Boston and Salem. Indeed analysis may be superficial or contemptuous and so fail of all real result. But in one way or another all of us must take our ideas to pieces before we can understand their validity or the world behind them.

Some years ago I received a letter from the proprietor of a large department store asking me to recommend an employment manager to take charge of about two thousand employees. The writer enclosed a chart of the qualities requisite for one holding such a position. The first sentence on the chart was this: "He must be a good analyzer." It was no professor of logic who wrote that, but a hard-headed business man. He did not demand that the applicant for the responsible position should have any previous experience in

that line of business, but simply and chiefly that he possess this indispensable power to analyze. Then the writer pointed out that only through such analysis can a manager discover the limitations of other men, the possibilities in men, and the way to educate men out of limitation into possibility. The man who was finally selected is now the president of one of our largest colleges.

After all, analyzing is simply thinking, and the whole object of the college course is to teach us to think—clearly, closely, accurately, serenely, and to the point. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," said the ancient Preacher. And a modern preacher has added: "If he doesn't think, he isn't."

SAD indeed is the fate of the student who can merely pull things to pieces. He takes the first step in knowledge and cannot take the second. He can disintegrate and dissect and disperse an English sentence, an institution, a political theory, a religious faith, but is powerless to combine and construct. So he becomes a man of shreds and fragments, like Shakespeare's pedant, who had "been at a feast of languages and stolen all the scraps."

What is the use of a mechanical engineer who can take apart a steam engine, but cannot set it up again and make it work? What is the use of a teacher of English who can point out all the flaws in a Freshman theme, but cannot himself write anything we care to read? What is the use of a reformer who can show us the dangers of monopoly in trade, the horrors of alcoholism, the menace of easy divorce, but has in mind no plan or principle of social advance? One of the most famous reformers of the last generation carried with her constantly a symbolic hatchet, which on occasion she did not hesitate to use as a physical weapon. The world needs not only the hatchet of the reformer, but the trowel of the builder; not only the power to hack and slash

at things that are, but the power to reveal and create the things that ought to be. Many a Biblical scholar can show us all "the mistakes of Moses" but cannot explain why the Bible in spite of all mistakes has created literatures and codes of law and turned the stream of history. Many a psychologist can—or thinks he can—resolve the soul into the primary elements of sensation, but cannot tell why the soul of Prospero is worth more than that of Caliban, or what is the significance of our incorrigible faith in human freedom and responsibility.

Indeed that is the trouble with all modern thinking—it is so highly specialized that each scholar is confined to his own water-tight compartment, and no one is left to "see life steadily and see it whole." One man teaches algebra, another geometry, another calculus, and nobody any longer teaches mathematics. One philosopher explains to us Kant, another Hegel, another Bergson, but nobody seems able to construct a philosophy by which he would advise us to live or is even willing to live himself. The college catalogue shows all knowledge taught in "departments" of study—divisions as imaginary as the lines of latitude and longitude on the earth's surface. Real knowledge cannot be thus pigeonholed, and any important problem lies in all the departments at the same time. If a railroad accident had occurred near this city, what "department" would we send up the road to study the cause of the accident? Does the problem lie in

mechanics and physics, or in the realm of economics and transportation, or must we study the psychology of the engineer, or will the trouble be found in some unintelligible dispatch which could have been remedied by the department of English? The fact is that every department in the college is concerned in every real problem, and has some contribution to make to its solution.

Here is the reason for the enormous popularity of the recently published works on the *Outline of History* and the *Outline of Science*. Our generation is tired of scraps of information and longs for some conspectus, some glimpse of a real cosmos. We are no longer contented to finger the jagged fragments of a picture puzzle which no man seems able to assemble in ordered meaning. We want a catalogue that is more than a list of dissevered departments, a professor who dares to think beyond the earthworms or the dative case to which he has given his years of study, a college that fronts all human life unafraid, a philosophy of life which will enable a soldier to go over the top unterrified or a citizen to work forty years undiscouraged.

Here is the chief function of religion: to unify our scattered glimpses of truth, to assemble our petty efforts in a supreme endeavor, and to focus our divergent beliefs in one great victorious faith. Lesser powers will help, will give a transient unity. Patriotism in war time raised thousands of weak and wobbling men into a unified consciousness never felt before. Any great ambition

may act as a sort of vertebral column for a soft and slouchy personality. But the greatest synthesis ever achieved in human history is embodied in the famous phrase, "the Kingdom of God." When God becomes to us the Supreme Reality, and His will our highest joy, then life is redeemed from being desultory and spineless, and achieves that inner unity which is the secret of both peace and power.

ATTENTION TO READING

"GIVE attention to reading," wrote the Apostle Paul, and when facing the end of life in Nero's prison he begged young Timothy to "bring the books, but especially the parchments." In every college the library occupies a central position. Fifty years ago the library building was a place to store books. To-day it is a place in which to use books. What are some of the ways of using them?

First of all there is reading for pleasure. A man ought to do some reading for the sheer delight of it. The best test of a man's character is his use of his leisure. What does he do when he doesn't have to do anything? When the necessary tasks of the day are over and his mind can roam where it will, where then does his mind go? A man ought to have some books that are to him a wellspring of enjoyment, reading them not because society expects it, not because teachers exact it, but because his own nature craves it. It is good for a student to turn himself loose in a big library as a colt is turned out to grass. Unless a man has a perverted mind he knows what is good for himself, and may follow the bent of his own nature. When Charles Evans Hughes was worn with the exhausting insurance investi-

gations he found recreation in the novels of Dumas. When Theodore Roosevelt went into Africa he carried the famous pigskin library, more than half of which consisted of the works of the great poets. When Mayor Gaynor had a leisure evening he betook himself to Epictetus, the Roman slave, whose clear and lofty thought comes like a northwest wind, bracing and cleansing. Read some books for no earthly reason except that you want to; and the man that doesn't want to read at all—may the Lord have mercy on his mind!

Some books we read simply for information. Before traveling through a strange country we read the guidebooks. Before buying an automobile we read about styles, mechanisms, costs, the experiences of other men. In the study of history or science we go constantly to the library, using the books simply as the tools with which we work. It makes little difference to us then who the writers are, if only they are competent, or what their method may be; we simply want the facts they have to give. A scholar cannot live and work apart from the great reservoirs of information. I have invited scores of scholars to accept appointment as teachers, and in nearly every case one of the first questions has been: "What libraries will be accessible?" Without the library the scholar cannot know what has been done, and so stumbles and fumbles in what he does himself.

But we often read books because we are seek-

ing personality, the power of a great "human" breathing through the printed page. The books of mere information are always getting out of date; the books of personality are forever young and vital. Take down from the library shelf a treatise on physics or chemistry published twenty years ago. What can it tell you about the X-ray, or the radio-active substances, or the decay of matter? Take down some book on mechanics used by your father in college. What can it tell about the gas engine and the aeroplane? But take down from the shelf the living thought of Plato, Burke, Carlyle, Lincoln, and it is as modern as if written yesterday, as enduring as "the starry heavens above or the moral law within." The almanacs and geographies and encyclopedias, mere receptacles for information, are always on their way to the ash heap. But the prophets, poets and thinkers, the great personalities who blazed a pathway for civilization and education and religion—these are intellectual storage batteries to which we keep coming that we may be charged from their undying energy.

Finest and highest of all the objects of reading is this—to find and feel the truth. If there is one virtue the college man or woman prizes above all others, it is the love of truth, in speech, in conduct, in attitude toward life. We want more than facts; we want the truth which is the interpretation of facts, the understanding of the relation of facts to one another and to ourselves. The one great cry of the world, restless and eager

and longing, is for the undisguised truth. What is true in economic theory? The man that can tell us will remold our entire industrial life. What is true in the realm of heredity and environment? The man that can tell us will remake both the family and the school. What is true in Bible study? The man that can answer that will guide all our religious thinking. He who dedicates his life to truth-seeking, and gives to the world before he dies some new truth to live by, is doing more for civilization than if he built a score of mills or banks or hospitals.

I stood some time ago in a long procession at the laying of the cornerstone of a great laboratory in an institution which had several laboratories and no library. A scientist who is known in all civilized lands stood near. I said: "Are not these laboratories evidences of our progress"? "Yes," he answered, "and also of our misunderstanding. The library is far more important. In the laboratory we discover nothing, but we test and verify and apply what we have discovered elsewhere. For a new discovery is simply a new combination of old ideas, and that new and surprising combination is most likely to occur to a man, not when he is handling things, but when he is pondering thoughts. In the quiet atmosphere of the library the leaders think out their ideas, and use the laboratory—or the world itself—to test the results of solitary thought."

NEW YEAR MORNING

For all of us this is another year; for some of us it will be a really new year. Automatically we pass into 192—. But for many men the new year will be really an old one, like the mechanical repetition of a phonographic record, with the same old raspings and scrapings attached to the tune; while for others the new calendar will mean novel achievement, original adventure and fresh service to the world.

In the year 1917 we saw America, summoned by a menace to human civilization, rise into a unity, a heroic devotion, a capacity for sacrifice unparalleled. After the signing of the Armistice, we saw our country fall back into a slough of party spirit, narrow nationalism, and extravagant expenditure. The New Year which now we face, which we are soon to create, of what sort shall it be?

Perhaps the best way we can help the world to-day is simply by thinking. It is vastly easier to fight than to think, yet all fighting without thinking is sure to end in defeat. It is much easier to work than to think, but the harder a man works without thought, the more damage he does. To think means to put to oneself some one of the urgent questions of the modern world

and force ourselves to find the answer. When Marshal Foch was asked how he won the final victories in the Great War, he answered: "I did it by smoking my pipe." What he meant was that he refused to get excited, declined to lose his head at a sudden crisis, and insisted on quietly thinking out each problem before plunging into action. Behind the thundering guns was the small, quiet man who did not shout or run, but simply took time to think.

Amid the reactions and confusions that have followed the War our one greatest need is the thinker. The problems bristle before us, like the Sphinx which would devour those who could not guess her riddle. What is democracy? How can an expanding nation be true to a written constitution? How can we reconcile patriotism and the international mind? What are the rights and duties of employer and employed? How can we make industry democratic and yet keep it efficient? Every political problem has now become an economic one, and every economic problem leads us straight into ethics, into problems of personality and character and the moral basis of the entire social order.

A certain type of mind is afraid of the discussion which is the essence of education. There is a dogmatic kind of mind to which everything appears black or white, every issue already clear, every man a pure patriot or an enemy of the Republic. But education means discrimination, clarification by discussion; it means hearing both

sides, and all sides, and slowly—not violently or testily or cynically—making up one's mind where truth and duty lie.

Shall we throughout this year help the chaotic world by seriously thinking about it?

If we do, we shall ourselves be drawn into intellectual fellowship with thoughtful men and women. Many college friendships are trivial and transient because they have no intellectual content. Much college conversation never rises above the level of the last football game, the popular "show," the latest dance or the kind of gossip to be heard on the piazza of a summer hotel. But a friendship without intellectual content, with no discussion of things that matter, with no facing of the world's great problems, is too tame and insipid to last. A friendship whose sole sustenance is meaningless chatter blesses neither him that gives nor him that takes. A friendship that shies away from real issues, with no meeting of minds, no intellectual exchange, is not worth the time it consumes and the energy it wastes. Thresh out some real issue—social, industrial, religious—with your friend, and you will discover in the secret places of his mind the convictions, hopes, disappointments, ambitions which make him really human, and through traffic in ideas and ideals two lives may be permanently enriched. Only those who think together really live.

LESSONS NOT FOUND IN BOOKS

THE Emperor Marcus Aurelius at the opening of his *Meditations* recounts his indebtedness to his various teachers. His inventory of benefits received is startling in its obliviousness to all that we commonly mean by a "course of study."

> From my grandfather Verus I learned good morals and the government of my temper.
>
> From the reputation and remembrance of my father, modesty and a manly character.
>
> From Apollonius I learned freedom of will and undeviating steadiness of purpose . . . and how to receive from friends what are esteemed favors, without either being humbled by them or letting them pass unnoticed.
>
> From Alexander, the grammarian, I learned to refrain from fault-finding.
>
> From Maximus I learned self-government, and not to be led aside by anything; and cheerfulness in all circumstances . . . and to do what was set before me without complaining.

Not a word is here said about his courses in literature or history or music or the art of govern-

ment; not a word about what we commonly call "study." But this great emperor, who knew how to rule both the Roman world and his own soul, looks back on simple, homely lessons in freedom, manliness, steadiness, cheerfulness as the greatest benefits derived from famous teachers. America, with all its vast annual expenditure for schools, is often oblivious to the heart and soul of true education—the training of the will in the simple, indispensable virtues. The immediate need of our schools is training in the homely qualities and attitudes early learned by Marcus Aurelius, without which all knowledge will vanish as "an insubstantial pageant faded."

If these lessons are, then, so valuable, why not have them definitely taught by teachers appointed for the purpose? Some writers would create virtuous students by compulsory courses in ethics, or the Bible, or by required attendance at lectures on temperance, sexual purity, commercial honesty, or the duties of citizenship. In the New England college of a hundred years ago Christian character was supposed to be promoted by a required course in Christian Evidences, long since abandoned as useless.

The truth is that character is seldom promoted by a frontal attack; it is too subtle and inward and spiritual to be inculcated by exhortations disguised as lectures. We do not become honest through lectures on honesty, or courageous by electing a course in courage and its attendant virtues. Character is a great stream of devotion,

self-dedication and high endeavor flowing all through a man's life, and that stream is fed by many rills from many unsuspected sources. The professor of physics may make his chief contribution by giving the student lessons in unfailing courtesy, fair-mindedness and judicial temper. The professor of chemistry may impress his students chiefly by his accuracy in the use of English and his bearing as a gentleman. The teacher of mathematics may produce a lifelong impression when he quotes Plato's great saying: "God geometrizes." The teacher of history may succeed in showing what Froude meant when he wrote: "History is the voice of God forever sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong." If such sayings are "dragged in," they will fail; if they are allowed to leak out as the inevitable corollary from the facts, they are seen as the necessary implication of genuine study. We do not need to tag the facts with moral lessons; we need only to let the facts speak for themselves. Not by employing a teacher of virtue shall we make men virtuous, but by letting each course of study reveal the forces at the heart of nature, and the inexorable law that whatsoever men, or nations, sow, that shall they also reap.

We are grateful to our teachers chiefly for lessons never announced in any catalogue or required for any degree—for the outflow and overflow of personality. When Emerson gave at Harvard his Phi Beta Kappa address in 1867, James Russell Lowell was among his delighted listeners. After-

wards Lowell wrote: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with *him*. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars." After all, the teacher who makes us see and feel the constellations has done far more for us than one who shows us merely how to solve a problem in algebra. He has enlarged our universe. He has imparted his own undying enthusiasm. He has given us of the things that are caught, not taught.

III

THE DEEPENING FAITH

STUDY AND FAITH

MANY a student finds his religious opinions shaken up by his college course. That would be a poor college, indeed, which had no influence on a man's conception of duty, of life, of God and the hereafter. That would be a poor student, indeed, who could acquire new insights and wider horizons in economics, history, science and philosophy, and retain unchanged the religious outlook of a child. To grow in every other realm of thought and to remain fossilized in religion, that is a fate no college man would covet. It is a good thing to be unsettled, provided one does not remain so. It is good to examine our inherited opinions and find out if they have any basis. At some time, whether in college or out of it, each of us must find a reason for the hope that is in him, and the passage from an inherited religion to an experienced religion is not always easy.

The student who has been brought up to believe that the world was made in six days of twenty-four hours each enters a class in biology or geology and hears his professor talking of millions of years before man appeared on earth. That is puzzling and unsettling.

The student who has always assumed that he had a soul somewhere hidden away in his brain enters a class in psychology and hears much about "consciousness" or the "subconscious," but nothing about "soul," and again he is puzzled and perturbed.

The student in biblical literature hears for the first time of the two Isaiahs, or in social science realizes that slavery and polygamy were once esteemed virtuous and honorable, or in history learns of the frailties of apostles, prophets and martyrs, or in philosophy becomes acquainted for the first time with the pantheistic conception of the world. Naturally his faith is jolted and he passes through a critical and sometimes painful experience. What suggestions can we make at such a time?

The first thing to be said is that every living man has got to face these difficulties whether he goes to college or not. They are not peculiar to the college; they are found in the bank and the mill, in the Pullman car and on the ferry boat, and unless a man lives under a glass case he has got to "face the specters of the mind and lay them." Why not in college? There is no better place in which to think one's way through the underbrush and come out into the sunshine.

Remember also the difficulties of unbelief—far greater than any possible difficulties in believing. Is it hard to believe still in the existence of the soul? But is it any easier or simpler to believe that all human life and human history can be ex-

plained by atoms and electrons and chemical formulas? If you cannot explain the origin of the world, can you explain the world by believing it had no origin? If you cannot longer believe in a God who is like your childish picture of Him, can you find any peace of mind or satisfactory explanation of the world in denying that God exists? I can see more difficulties in religion than any student sitting before me; but I know that they are nothing compared with the difficulties of cheap skepticism and arrogant unbelief.

In any case do not give up the faith you have until you are sure you have found something better. It may be the religion of your home town was crude and inadequate, but it was at least sincere, and it so changed human lives that there must have been a core of truth in it. What we all need is not to believe less than we did, but to believe more—to believe in something more spiritual, more real, more vital than the pictorial and dramatic conceptions of childhood. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul," is good advice. Only let us not move out of the old house till the new one is roofed in.

Always carry the open mind and keep first things first. Our faith in George Washington does not depend on our acceptance of the story of the cherry tree and the hatchet; and our faith in the Bible or in Christianity in no way depends on believing that the sun stood still to help Joshua, or that Jonah composed his hymn while inside the "great fish."

FACING LIFE

A student about to graduate complained to his college president that he could not believe this and that. "But you are living wholly in your negations," said the president. "Go to your room, take out a sheet of paper and write down all the things which you do believe beyond question and on which you are willing to act." Somewhat chagrined, the student obeyed. He wrote: "First, I believe that the life of the Nazarene is the life I ought to live now, and I am willing to try it." Then a second proposition occurred to him, and then a third, and soon he had covered the paper with his newly discovered creed. Whoever acts on what he knows will soon come to know more.

GREAT BELIEVERS

We all honor the man who is a great thinker. We admire the heroic spirit of the great doer. Do we have equal reverence and admiration for the man who amid obstacles and defeats and cynicism and disillusionment manages somehow to become a great believer? I do not mean, of course, the believer in mere propositions, whether in mathematics or economics or philosophy. Propositions are after all abstractions and do not feed our deeper selves. A man may assent to all the propositions of modern astronomy, or to all the affirmations of orthodoxy, and be none the better for that. "The devils also believe and tremble." Indeed it is the duty of each of us to question every proposition at some time, to test it out by rigorous investigation, as the railroad employee tests the car wheels before the train starts out of the station. It is that man's doubt which ensures our safety in travel.

But, if we do nothing but test car wheels and never really dare to travel, our doubt has become irrational, paralyzing and preposterous. The great traveler is the one who, in spite of all broken wheels and all the accidents on all the roads, still keeps faith enough to act and courage enough to

journey, and dares to say with Robert Louis Stevenson:

> My mistress still the open road,
> And the bright eyes of danger.

The truth is no man ever achieved great deeds unless he was first a great believer. He may not accept our propositions, but he must at least believe in certain principles and ideals, hold certain kinds of life as everlastingly worth while, and repudiate other kinds of life with everlasting hatred, or he could never have toiled and dared and suffered as heroes always do. Unless Marshal Foch were a great believer in France, could he have turned the awful tide of battle in 1918? Unless Lincoln had unswervingly and passionately believed in the principles on which America is founded, would his leadership of a divided land have been possible? Unless Roosevelt had fervently and unfalteringly believed that "aggressive fighting for the right is the greatest sport in the world," would he have attained the moral leadership of America? Take away from such heroes of the race the belief which nerved them to their gigantic task, which consoled them on dark days and steadied them in days of triumph, and you have plucked the heart out of the hero and left him helpless and sprawling.

Moreover, a great triumphant belief in some eternal principle, in some unchanging value, in something worth living for and worth dying for, releases us from scores of petty fears and inhibi-

tions and makes us pass over obstacles as a flying eagle over stone walls in the pasture.

When the soul is nourished by great faith it shakes off paralyzing fears and is set free from the pigmy cares that prey upon it; it no longer lives in slavery to a formula, but in freedom from all the little formulas that have clogged the steps and impeded the journey. Whoever can honestly repeat, for example, the Apostles' Creed, as embodying certain vital truths, is thereby set free from a thousand paralyzing doubts and scruples and superstitious fears.

"I believe in God the Father Almighty"—then I cannot believe in any other gods or any demons that can hurt me.

"I believe in the Holy Ghost"—then in no other "ghosts" whatever.

"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"—then not in any church that is uncatholic, narrow, provincial, exclusive.

"I believe in the forgiveness of sins"—then no sin of my childhood or early manhood can enslave me now.

"I believe in the life everlasting"—then not in death for myself or any that I love.

That creed is a Magna Charta, an Emancipation Proclamation. We may not understand every phase of it, but at the heart of it is a power that inspires and thrills and enables. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

THE SOCIAL MESSAGE OF RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY began in Palestine as a social movement, began with the selection of certain young men, their detachment from their old occupations and their organization into a band of crusaders. It did not begin with a new set of propositions to be believed, but with a new kind of life to be lived. It did not announce any creed concerning the nature of God or the origin of man or the "plan of salvation"—all that came later in the teaching of the Apostle Paul and the great theologians who succeeded him. The original Christian movement began with the announcement of a Kingdom that was not in the sky, but "at hand," and with a summons to every man to enter that Kingdom at once and work for its expansion. Christianity was the announcement of a new social and spiritual order, and a call to every human being to subordinate all physical, financial and personal interests to making that Kingdom come.

For centuries the church almost ignored this idea and, although the Kingdom is mentioned one hundred and twelve times in the four gospels, it is seldom mentioned in the purely individualistic endeavor to convert single, separate persons. But the supremely important question is not what a

man is saved from, but what he is saved to. There is no gain in pulling a man out of the old order of things, unless we can initiate him into the new order, the new way of thinking and living, the new set of relations and duties and hopes which Christ called the Kingdom of Heaven.

Pilgrim's Progress is an immortal picture of a single man putting his fingers into his ears to shut out the cry of wife and children while he struggled over a painful and dangerous road to get himself safely inside the jasper wall of a distant City. It is a fine setting forth of a half truth. The other half of the truth is found in Augustine's *City of God,* and Dante's *Holy Roman Empire,* and above all in those parables of Christ which set forth the Kingdom as a great feast to which many are bidden, a great vineyard filled with happy tillers of the soil, a great human fellowship for visiting the sick, feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. The miracles of Christ were not the proofs of his gospel; they were the gospel itself—since actions speak louder than words. If his recorded miracles were thirty-two in number, then twenty-six were miracles of healing, and most of the others consisted in the supply of physical food. No other teacher ever so amazingly combined a purely spiritual message with its logical and inevitable sequence in relieving physical distress and changing the social environment.

Christ never dissolved religion into sociology or diluted His gospel into physical hygiene and sani-

tation. He kept His message fundamentally religious, heart-searching, God-seeking. But He never tried to save souls alone or bodies alone; He tried to save the entire personality—body and soul, and whatever else there may be in the total self. And He did not dream of working a change in the single man, leaving that man isolated, like a statue in an art gallery. He welcomed the man into a fellowship, a new spiritual and social order, a new coöperation with all other Christian men of every creed and nation, a fellowship so coherent and enduring that he said: "The gates of Hades shall not prevail against it."

We must then return to the original Christian message if we would transform the world, or even help it. That "the Holy Supper is kept indeed in whatso we share with another's need," that all ritual is useless unless it expresses and reaches the heart, that all doctrine is lumber unless it issues in life, and that an active enthusiasm for humanity is no appendage of religion but is of its very essense—all that is part and parcel of the primitive gospel that flowed from the lips and fell from the hands of the Nazarene.

HOW TO THINK OF GOD

WHAT we think of God determines what we think of all else in the universe. The most searching and revealing question we can put to any man is: "What is your idea of God?"

For centuries men believed that God is power—unmitigated, arbitrary power. And believing that power is the ultimate reality, they tried to exercise such arbitrary power themselves. Believing in a celestial despot, they became despotic. Believing that God was a military chieftain, they adopted war as the means of progress and the test of greatness. That was the doctrine of Mohammedanism when it swept over northern Africa and southern Europe and almost put Christianity to rout. That is the doctrine of the earlier books of our Bible, where God is represented as primarily a military general, the "God of the armies of Israel." Believing that, the Israelites went forth to battle with fierce glee and stopped at nothing to win victory.

More bloody and ferocious delight in conflict can be found nowhere in literature than what we find in the books of Joshua and Judges. They show us what men will do when they worship sheer power. Many passages are like Lord Bryce's report on the Armenian atrocities. Says the book

of Deuteronomy: "When thou comest nigh unto a city . . . if it will make no peace with thee, thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth." We may compare that with the proclamation of the German General Stenger issued in Belgium on August 28, 1914: "Beginning with to-morrow no more prisoners are to be taken. . . . The wounded, whether prisoners or not, are to be put to death. . . . No living man is to remain behind us." The result is the same in Israel and in Germany, a thousand years before Christ and two thousand years after. Faith in God as dictator of the universe, as a being of arbitrary, irresponsible power, creates arbitrary, irresponsible, cruel men.

When the idea of sheer despotism became untenable, men took refuge in a somewhat nobler conception, that of God as lawgiver and moral governor. When the Roman law covered the known world, men began naturally to think of God under legal forms, as the announcer of law and the judge to punish law-breakers. The "last judgment" then became a celestial court, where all the sons of men were to be legally acquitted or condemned.

There is truth in such a conception, but not the deepest truth. Jesus taught men to say "Our Father," not "Our Judge." The legal analogy is never complete. The God of the lawyers is not adequate to our human need. The family and the home, not the courtroom and the bench, are the clearest interpreters of God.

We turn, therefore, to the most amazing and

inspiring utterance of the New Testament: "God is love." To believe that is the final audacity of faith; to live it is to touch the deepest gladness of life. Love is self-giving. Love is perpetual impartation of the wealth of personality. Love is the eternal overflow of pure, joyous Spirit into the little, narrow, undeveloped spirits that are around it. The father and the mother are always the best explanation of God, and human motherhood as we know it explains God better than human fatherhood. If one member of the family is ugly in face or disposition, the mother does not seem to see the defect, or rather she sees beyond it into the deeps of the soul. One son may be ungrateful and unworthy—the mother will trust him into trustworthiness, and go on hoping when all others have cast him off. The mother shows us the meaning of the saying: "His mercy endureth forever."

But parental love is vastly more than the instinctive care of all animals for their young. It is not mere weak sentimentalism. One of the best Christian thinkers of our time has said: "Yes, God is our Father, but not our grandfather." Love is never supine acquiescence in wrong and indulgence for the wrongdoer. "O love that will not let me go" are words with deep philosophy behind them. True love is absolutely relentless. It is the "hound of heaven," ever following on the human scent. Love can cry "Ye serpents! ye vipers!" Love can force a surgical operation when only cold steel can banish disease. Love can

knock down the madman, without ceasing to love him. Love can restrain the drunken man, or the drunken nation, without any surrender to the bitterness of hatred. Divine love counts among its resources both heaven and hell.

We are, then, to think of God not as powerful despot, not as mere judge in a celestial court; still less should we try to think of Him under barren abstractions like "being" or "substance" or "the absolute." He is Love; he is affectionate, forth-putting purpose, the everlasting self-giving of the Infinite. The only way to maintain faith in such a God is to be like Him. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God," and so cannot doubt Him.

WHAT IS THE USE OF PRAYER?

A CHINESE student going out of chapel the other morning said: "At a certain point in the service the leader says, 'Let us pray.' What does he mean by it? Does he expect to change the order of the world by talking? Confucianists do not try to change it, but to conform to it. What does a Christian mean by 'Let us pray'?" Surely that is a fair question. Does prayer work? If not, let us stop it as a meaningless survival of primitive superstition. But if it does work, does really achieve changes inside or outside, no man living can afford to neglect that means of achieving his highest purpose.

As regards changing the order of the world, three-fourths of all our praying does not aim at that. Three-fourths of the letter which a student writes to his father is probably not a request for money or for anything else. It is a confidential chat; if the student and his father are really in sympathy it is simply talking things over, to the great benefit of the writer and the pleasure of the reader. Mediaeval writers used to say that most of real prayer is thanksgiving, confession, communion, not mere begging for something.

Yet as the student's letter may culminate in a real request, so prayer does at times include real

petition, a real asking God to do something for us or in us. Does it work?

That is part of a broader question still: Does my desire, my volition, count for anything in determining the future? If I am a mere cog on the wheels of a soulless universe, of course my prayer avails nothing; but neither does any other desire I express or any purpose I cherish. My desiring, hoping, willing are all futile, whether expressed in prayer or in action. Those who deny the possibilities of prayer may logically go on—and often do—to deny the possibilities of change through any human effort of any kind. They say in the soldier's phrase: "If the bullet has my number, it will get me." Why struggle against the inevitable future?

Yet it seems strange that a man should think it possible to pray to everyone *except* God. The student prays to his father, to his roommate, to the college dean—who is sometimes besieged with "petitions"—and is God less powerful or resourceful than they? Even Professor Huxley said that theoretically there was no more difficulty in praying for rain than in requesting the gardener to water the garden. We know that a request to the gardener in many cases does work. Are we sure that the New Testament command, "Let your requests be made known unto God," has no philosophy behind it? If by asking my friend to enter a certain college or choose a certain profession I can change his entire future and shape his career, am I sure that putting up a request to the Eternal

Friend has no influence on the future of myself or anybody else? He must be a very conceited man who is sure of that.

All the psychologists are telling us to-day that our lives are powerfully affected by suppressed desires. Are they not much more affected by desires expressed? To believe in a future is the first step in creating it. Ardently to long for international peace is an immense step toward securing it. A "petition" to the President of the United States or to Congress is not always futile, and such petitions will always be made. Is God the only power we cannot petition, the only wisdom we cannot use, the only Friend who cannot help?

Of course God cannot give to a closed mind or a steeled heart. Did you ever try to give a Christmas present to a man of very great wealth who felt no need of any gift whatever? Did you ever give advice to a proud man who thought he already "knew it all"? Prayer means the opening of the soul to the spiritual influences that are playing all about us as the sunshine plays on the shutters in the morning. Open the shutters and see what happens! The thoughtful man dares set no limits to the power of prayer.

> There are more things in heaven and earth
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

After all, prayer is founded not on argument, but on experience. Through all human history,

most men have prayed. Either prayer is the most widespread and indestructible of all human delusions, or it actually works changes in ourselves and in the world around us. In ourselves?—of course; every psychologist knows that. In the world around us?—only he who has tried it can answer.

WHO WAS JESUS?

WHEREVER Jesus Christ went on earth men began to ask who He was. There was something about His personality so novel, unique and pungent that whoever met Him experienced a new sensation. As He entered Nazareth the people said: "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Remorseful Herod cried: "Who is this of whom I hear such things?" Puzzled Pilate on the judgment seat said: "Who art thou? What sayest thou of thyself?"

One answer to that question died out of the world centuries ago. While He lived His enemies called Him "deceiver." No respectable man on the globe to-day speaks or thinks of Jesus as deceiver.

Then men began to give the answer which was revived in the nineteenth century by Strauss and Renan—that Jesus was an innocent fanatic who saw visions and heard voices and exercised a strange hypnotic power. Truly He did have visions and hear voices. But the turning of the stream of human history, the molding of the mightiest nations of the world, are not to be explained by the hallucinations of a Galilean peasant. Only the very credulous can believe that.

So the church at the Council of Nicea, on the

edge of the Sea of Marmora, in the year 325, put on record the most elaborate and famous of all the definitions of Christ. Do you remember the carefully wrought phrases? "I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of the Father, only begotten, that is to say of one substance with the Father, God out of God, Light out of Light, very God out of very God, begotten not made." Does anyone to-day understand those phrases? What is the meaning of "begotten, not made," as applied to a divine being? What is the meaning of that antiquated idea of substance? What did the church fathers mean when they spoke of God as three persons in one nature, and of Christ as two natures in one person? You see we are involved in the laborious intricacies of Greek metaphysics. We are using conceptions and phrases which, true or false, are alien to the world in which we now live, and which make Christ seem quite unreal and remote from all our hopes and fears and struggles. Even to Simon Peter the words "nature" and "person" would have conveyed no meaning; they were not invented as theological terms until after he was dead.

We return, therefore, to the simple statement of the New Testament. "The Word"—that is, the innermost expression of God, as your human word is the best possible expression of what you are—"the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." After all, the question who Jesus Christ was is not one to be decided by church councils or professors or ecclesiastics. It is a practical matter

of the daily life. Is He such to us that we can bow before Him in loyal allegiance, follow unswervingly His teaching and commit our lives to Him in absolute assurance? Definition of the deepest in life is always difficult. Most of us would find it very hard to define a mother. Could we say: So much oxygen, so much hydrogen, so much carbon equals a mother? Or is there something in motherhood that "breaks through language and escapes?" No wonder the first Christian disciples had hard work in defining Jesus. And all their successors have proved inadequate for the task. Our formulas cannot describe or explain the friend who sits beside us, much less can they explain Jesus. Charles Lamb understood this when he said: "If Shakespeare were to enter this room where we are sitting, we should all instantly rise; but if Christ were to enter, we should all instantly kneel." In the presence of genius we rise; in the presence of Christ we do something more—we yield an homage we refuse to all others.

We admire Buddha but cannot accept him wholly; we follow Confucius a certain distance and then turn back. We can safely follow Christ everywhere and forever. Deeper than any phrase or formula, more imperious than any speculation in terms of Greek philosophy, is our conviction that no man can follow Christ and go astray, and that he who is repelled by the figure of Christ is ethically defective—either positively evil or suffering from arrested development. The spell of Christ is cast upon all who really open their minds

to His unique personality, His matchless leadership. One of the foremost Jewish rabbis has recently written: "Who can compute all that Jesus has meant to humanity? The love he has inspired, the solace he has given, the good he has engendered, the hope and joy he has kindled—all that is unequalled in human history. Among the great and the good that the human race has produced, none has even approached Jesus in universality of appeal and sway."

However the words may stumble in which we try to say it, the longer we live the clearer becomes the conviction of all educated men that Jesus was right when He said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Matthew Arnold depicted the despair of skepticism when he wrote:

> Now he is dead; far hence he lies
> In that lone Syrian town;
> And on his grave with shining eyes
> The Syrian stars look down.

But Whittier came far closer to the eternal fact when he said:

> Warm, sweet, tender, even yet
> A present help is he;
> And faith hath still its Olivet,
> And love its Galilee.

WHY THE BIBLE?

On this desk lies each morning—and has lain there for a hundred and fifty years—a copy of the Bible. Why should it stay there longer? This book is two thousand years old and more. We would not think of reading in public a book on medicine even fifty years old. Why put at the center of the morning assembly a book which on its own statement originated before the Dark Ages, and is mainly confined to events that occurred in a Syrian province about the size of New Hampshire? Mr. Wells' history of the world surveys Greece, Rome, Persia, all Europe, Asia and America, and opens to us a sky measured by light units and an earth a hundred million years old. Why exalt to the place of perpetual honor a book that knows nothing of Europe and America, nothing of astronomy or any other science, and nothing about steam, electricity and gas engines?

But what could we put there on the desk in place of that Bible? Surely not some compendium of science—that would have to be revised at least once a year. Surely not Mr. Wells' *History* —which was revised before it was published. Surely not some medical work, made antiquated by Pasteur; not some treatise on international law, out of date since the League of Nations was estab-

lished. We need at the center of things a literature which cannot get out of date, and that literature is the Bible.

Most of us recall DeQuincy's famous distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. An almanac, a geography, an encyclopedia, belongs to the literature of knowledge; a novel, a poem, a sermon, belongs to the literature of power. The books of knowledge are always on their way to the wastebasket; the books of real power are freshest when oldest, like some rare violin.

Why do men persist in reading the "Gettysburg Address" of Abraham Lincoln? It conveys no information whatever; no one new fact has it added to the world's store. But the world is deluged with mere information, and its great need is not facts, but their meaning. Lincoln showed us the relation of the facts, the meaning of the sacrifice at Gettysburg and of all sacrifice throughout the ages, and therefore his address will last as long as the Potomac flows into the sea.

Why do we persist in reading still that Fifty-first Psalm with its worldwide cry: "Create in me a clean heart, O God?" The psalm gives us no information regarding the cardiac muscles, still less regarding the "Freudian complex" or any of the transient hypotheses of psychology. But it voices the most poignant longing of the human race in one immortal prayer. Can it ever get out of date?

Why do we still put at the center of things

that first chapter of Genesis: "In the beginning, God"? Genesis gives us no astronomy or geology, save in a pictorial and poetical fashion, like a child's picture book. It is no more an authority in geology than it is in electrical engineering or any other science. It is a purely religious document, written for purely religious ends. When it affirms unchanging Spirit behind all the changing world, and traces back all civilization, all hope and love and joy to that primal Source, it opens a fountain of strength and gladness for the whole world. And whoever will say steadily: "In the beginning, God"—in the beginning of all toil and effort, all plans and purposes, all governments and treaties, all churches and colleges and homes—whoever steadily says that shall find new meaning in history and new zest in living.

We therefore keep the Bible in the center, because it deals not with information, of which the world often grows tired, but with truth, in which the world is still poor. The Bible is not a dictionary of conduct, but a revelation of motives. It has nothing to say about our passing, superficial problems, but all about our ideals, our inner life, our deepest selves, our realization of God. Here in its brief compass is every known form of literature, save possibly the humorous, for which it is too much in earnest. Here are the riddles of Samson and the sermons of Moses and Isaiah. Here are tender idylls, like that of Ruth and Naomi, and grim cruelties that make us shudder.

Here are passionate psalms of joy and grief, affectionate epistles of friendship, glowing visions that came to John on his rocky island and deathless parables spoken quietly to little groups on the hillside. And all of its emphasis is not on encyclopedic knowledge but on personal power, not on information but on character.

This book will be at the center of things a thousand years from now. The world can never do without it again. "You will find," wrote Field Marshal Roberts, the great English Christian soldier, to his troops, "you will find in this small book guidance when you are in health, comfort when you are in sickness and strength when you are in adversity."

RELIGION IN THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

If religion is good for anything, it ought to help a man in choosing a career. Religion is recognition of, and coöperation with, the everlasting trend of the universe. No one of us can successfully oppose the sweep of human history and the power behind it. Religion is going as the universe goes, not as the village goes in which I happen to live. It is surrender and allegiance to the personal power at the heart of the world.

If that power is mere chance—but why discuss that? Science has made chance unthinkable.

If that power is nonmoral, like gravitation or chemical affinity, then my life may safely fling aside all morality and seek only to win the game.

But if that power is one that makes for righteousness, then no plan of mine can permanently succeed unless it, too, uses right means for a right end. But how can one know the career through which he can best reach that end? Two suggestions may be made.

Choose the career that will give your inner self the clearest expression. God never meant us to resist forever our own nature. He never meant that we should express another man's opinions, another's temperament, another's ambition. To be my highest possible self is to perform my highest

possible public service. "When the rose adorns itself, adorns it, too, the garden." When Goethe wrote that he may have been an egoist, but he was betrayed into truth. What we in our best moments long to be, that probably we were meant to become.

Let a man take an inventory of his own endowment. Have I a facility in dealing with material things or in dealing with ideas? The answer may indicate whether I am to sell shoes or sugar, or to "sell" ideas as a teacher or a lawyer. Am I at my best when fitting into a structure someone else has built, or in building a new structure for myself? The answer may indicate whether I am to be a complacent alderman or possibly the minister of a prosperous city church; or whether on the other hand I shall be explorer, missionary and reformer of society. Do I value the English language chiefly as a means of getting on in the world, as one of the three useful "R's," or do I delight in using the mother tongue to interpret the lights and shades of character, the play of motives, the unfoldings of mind? The answer may show whether I am to conduct a business office or to write plays. I must express myself or fail dismally. The pine tree would have poor success in trying to be an elm, and the born engineer would be miserable if forced into a symphony orchestra.

But another and nobler counsel is this: Choose the career through which you may most effectively impress and serve your fellow men. Every decent man believes we are in the world not for what we

can get out of it, but for what we can put into it. Let him then choose a career through which he can make the largest possible contribution to the common good.

Where is there largest demand for educated leaders? Is it in the prevention of disease, in the purification of politics, in the enterprise of foreign missions, in scientific discovery, in honest journalism—or where? Men are always telling us "there is plenty of room at the top," but that is not true. There is space for only one or two at the top of a pyramid, but there is room enough at the bottom. And there is immense satisfaction in working at the base, in laying foundations, in living where men want you rather than where men want to crowd you out.

One should always decline to take hold of an enterprise that is already a complete success. The only thing you can do with such an enterprise is to hold it where you found it, and there is no glory and little satisfaction in that. To take the thing that is down and build it up, to take the weak thing and make it the strong thing, to plant the almost invisible seed and watch it grow into a waving harvest—that is the joy of original minds, the satisfaction of all true servants of mankind. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty"—that is what makes life sometimes tragedy, sometimes comedy, and always endlessly fascinating. Whittier was right when he said: "Choose in early life some great unpopular cause, and identify yourself with

it; when it triumphs, you shall know the greatest joy that comes to men."

Expression of oneself and impression on the world—those two clues, both sanctioned by religious faith, may help us to find our calling.

THE USE OF SUNDAY

In every year there are over seven weeks of Sundays. Does it make no difference how one spends seven weeks each year? Some men spend each Sunday so that it gives them fresh vision and inspiration for all the prosaic tasks of the week. It is like climbing a mountain summit and seeing at a glance all the contours of the country through which one is traveling. Then the man descends to trudge over dusty roads with a new understanding of the whole journey. Other men spend Sunday in pure loafing, in going to seed mentally, and when Monday comes they are less desirable citizens, less helpful friends, less useful men than on the Saturday before.

Can we make any suggestions as to the best use of those seven weeks?

1. Make Sunday in any case *different* from the other six days. To make it like Monday is to lose it. For the business man to go to his office, open his mail, and submit his jaded mind to all the anxieties of the previous week, is to banish Sunday out of life. For the student to give the day to the same program of studies, the same feverish support of student activities, as on other days, is to lose Sunday altogether. Emerson says of one golden day which he failed to utilize:

the Day
Turned and departed, silent; I, too late
Under her solemn filet saw the scorn.

2. Resist at all hazards the commercialization of Sunday. It may be said: "If a group of small boys want to play a game of ball in a vacant lot on Sunday afternoon, where is the wrong?" Surely there is none. John Calvin played his game of bowls on many Sundays and was the better for it. But if we build a high fence around that vacant lot, and hire famous players, and establish gate receipts and costly advertising and excursion trains, we are simply surrendering Sunday to commercial exploitation. There is no surer path to unpopularity in New York City than to propose a surrender of any portion of Central Park to business enterprise. That park is a reservation in space, as Sunday is a reservation in time, and both should be jealously guarded from commercial invasion by those who fear not God nor regard man.

3. Make Sunday a day of physical, mental and spiritual re-creation. We call it a day of rest, but rest is not *dolce far niente*. To sit stolidly in a chair and mope or dream is not rest. Sunday cannot be successfully kept a vacuum—nature abhors that. Rest for body and mind is change, refreshment, intake and outlook. God's great out-of-doors is calling, and to get acquainted with forests and meadows, to learn to know birds and wildflowers, to gaze into sunset and starlight—all that is a fine use of Sunday. Books and music and

art and human friendship, so often crowded out by the week's drudgery, should come into their own and speak to us consolation and courage on a Sunday.

4. Set apart on each Sunday some time for worship, i.e. worthship, for understanding and explaining the worthship of God and the things that are most worth while in our human life. Oliver Wendell Holmes saw deep into the truth when he wrote: "I have in my heart a small, shy plant called reverence; I cultivate that on Sunday morning." Yes, that plant is shy; it wilts and dies in the glare of the market place. And a man without reverence for any power above himself is at best a shallow soul.

The churches are so many and so various that a student who can find no help in any one of them must be deaf to all the voices of seer and poet and prophet. No one church is the right church for all men. But behind all the variations of creed and liturgy is the one great faith that explains human life. The Psalmist was right: "I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I."

5. But no day can be a reception day only; there can be no intake unless there is outgo. Sunday should be above all a day of human helpfulness. Is there no lonely man near you whom you could cheer up; no discouraged soul that you could inspire; no struggling or baffled church that could be quickened by the infusion of your vitality and enthusiasm? When the Pharisees told Jesus that He must not straighten a crooked spine on the

Sabbath, He burst into righteous indignation. What is the Sabbath for, if not for exactly that? "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." *Lawful to do well*—that was His conception of the day of rest.

IV

PERSISTENT PROBLEMS

OPTIMIST OR PESSIMIST?

It is an interesting fact that through times of both financial depression and inflation students continue to crowd the entrance to American colleges. The cynic says, they come in times of depression because business opportunities are few and there is no opening now except in the classrooms. In times of business prosperity, he says it is because families have ample means. The real reason is that America received in the Great War a convincing demonstration that the untrained man is a useless man—an impediment in war and a parasite in peace. Somehow, in college or out of it, a man must acquire keen and quick understanding, power to discriminate and judge, power to focus his total mind on a difficult problem, power to discover truth amid a mass of error, power to convey that truth to others, power to organize and lead his fellow men. The easy-going, flabby, disheveled mind—or substitute for mind—which lives always in the fog of sophistry and cannot focus on any question, was long ago rebuked by Kipling in his lines addressed to the young recruit who

> Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
> Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;
> Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'isself jus' so!

As we look out over a bewildered and disillusioned world, a world that has victory without peace and without bread, what view should we take—that of the optimist or the pessimist? The pessimist points us to the wars still going on, to the starving multitudes in migration, to the dying children, to the halting League of Nations, to the race hatreds more bitter than ever before, and asks in what respect the world is better off than in 1914. The optimist points to the vanishing of absolute monarchy from Europe, the discarded scepters and crowns, the triumph of democratic principles, the vast wealth of America, the superb idealism and heroism shown by the average man everywhere, and tells us that in the great struggle Right has defeated Might and the world may well rejoice. Which has the truth, the optimist or the pessimist?

I am reminded of the answer given by a student in an examination in Biblical literature. One question on the paper read thus: "What is the character of the lands beyond the Jordan?" To which the student sagaciously replied: "That depends on which side of the Jordan you are on."

I take my stand on the side of youth, and youth never despairs. Let the old, living on a deficit of energy, despair if they must; youth with its surplus believes in the impossible, rallies around the ideal, and cries: "It shall be done." Youth loves the challenge of difficulty and in true sporting spirit wants no game that is not a hard one.

But if youth is to retain its buoyant optimism

the college itself must offer to our students the two things they most crave—opportunity for personal friendship and for personal achievement. Friendships become very difficult when one is lost in the crowd, and the recent vast increase in numbers may make college life impersonal and inhuman. Some institutions are already swamped by crowds of students whom they cannot refuse and for whom neither buildings nor teachers are available. In one university a professor of economics has been lecturing to a class of fifteen hundred students. All intimacy, all personal contagion under such circumstances, is impossible, and the long-range lecture becomes a Big Bertha fired hit or miss at an unknown crowd. The true educational process demands something very different. Real insight and enthusiasm for knowledge are not the results of wholesale lecturing, but of retail and personal contacts in laboratory, library and home. Why is it that increase in quantity means a subtle change in quality? Why do big things so easily become bad things?

The other essential to optimism is genuine democracy. The college boasts that it gives every man a chance. It asks not the size of a man's purse or the length of his pedigree; not what he carries in his trunk, but what he has in brain and heart. But we must understand what democracy really is. It is never intellectual equality. It is not leveling all men down to a dull mediocrity. Democracy does not mean that one man is as good as another, but that all are good enough

to have a voice in saying who the best ones are. Democracy does not mean dislike of excellence or preëminence. It means not that all are equally able, but that each man shall have the chance to develop the utmost ability he possesses and to rise to the summit if he can, whether in scholarship, in athletics, in dramatic or musical organizations, or in general leadership of student opinion. A true democracy is a society where excellence is demanded, high ability is recognized, and every man is big enough to rejoice if someone else is bigger. A fair field and no favors, and joyous acclaim for those who rise to the greatest heights —where such democracy exists faith in the future shines clear and bright.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

In days of world upheaval it becomes harder than ever to distinguish right from wrong. It often seems easier to do the right than to find out what the right is. If things only came to us tagged and labeled, sharply distinguished into black and white, we could always reject the black and choose the white. But they don't. They come in all the colors of the rainbow and no label is on any deed.

How is it possible, one may say, to divide all possible acts into the absolutely right and the absolutely wrong? Very well; then give up trying that for a time—I frankly advise it—and divide acts into the great and the small, the important and the trivial. Ask for one month, of each possible action, not "Is it right?" but "Is it worth while? Is this course of conduct vital and central to my purpose and to the cause of truth, or is it far out on the circumference, trivial, negligible, little?" For one month divide all actions into the relevant and the irrelevant, the things that count and the things that do not matter, and see how simple life becomes. Is this really a big and worthy task to which I am giving my days and nights, or is it a petty mass of trivial details? Is my life a through train speeding on the main line to the City of God, or is it a petty accommoda-

tion train, stopping at every wood pile and arriving nowhere in particular?

Our great danger in the complicated modern world is not loss of conscience but loss of perspective; not that we will surrender to open evil but that we shall be gradually and insensibly submerged in the clutter of fairly good things that do not matter.

In selecting a newspaper as a daily companion the great question is not regarding its politics, but its perspective. It cannot print a thousandth part of the happenings of the previous day. From all the mass of events, doings and sayings it must sift out the vitally significant, the typical, and throw them up in bold headlines, relegating to the corner or crowding out altogether the million other things that are the sawdust and refuse of civilization.

The trouble with the moving pictures is not that they represent crime and vice as triumphant, for they usually do not. The trouble is that they give boys and girls a false presentation, an untrue perspective. Real life isn't so! Real life does not consist mainly of the "eternal triangle." In real life we do not see every evening that impossibly beautiful maiden captured by the impossibly ugly villain and rescued by the impossibly courageous hero. Real life is much more interesting than that.

The trouble with college life is not that it is vicious, but that it is so often trivial. These

"student activities"—musical, dramatic, social, athletic—have we ever seriously appraised them and decided how many of them are worth while? Some of them afford a fine training for after life, and some of them are a mere frittering away of time and energy into utter futility. Does any serious man think that the comic (?) monthly published by many colleges is worth what it costs the producers? Are the innumerable organizations which figure in the college "annual" representative of any real facts, and would the college be poorer if most of them were decently interred? The danger in the American college is not that students will become false-hearted, but that they will become scatter-brained.

Virtue does not consist in keeping out of things, but in getting into things worth while. Is only crime interesting, and is goodness dull? It must be confessed that Virgil's "pius Aeneas" is not a thrilling hero, that Shakespeare's villains give life to his plots and that the Victorian novels were often proper to the point of being insipid. Mere negative goodness is always repellent, and the boy who merely "keeps off the grass" makes a poor leader of men.

But a positive and heroic virtue is far more interesting than all the pirate tales of all the books. Is goodness dull? Ask Wilfred T. Grenfell as he steers his boat northward along the shores of Labrador to wrestle once again with cold and ignorance and disease. Is a courageous life

insipid? Ask Herbert Hoover as he turns aside from making a fortune to make a life of public service. There is no romance like the romance of doing one's duty. There is nothing quite so thrilling as being a decent man.

"I, Even I only, am left!" That is the cry of the lion-hearted Elijah, who, like all truly brave men, was extremely sensitive. Like all noblest spirits he suffered from the sense of isolation. He had climbed the heights of fame and influence, and found the summits chilly and lonesome. He had played his part courageously and consistently, and then came the crushing realization that he was playing alone.

The lonely student in the modern college is a constant problem. The larger the college, the easier it is to get lost in it, to feel like a mere atom floating in a void. There is no solitude like that of a great crowd, and no loneliness so depressing as when we are surrounded by hundreds of busy people, too busy to think or to care. The mere size of the modern college, its varied, clashing interests, its compact and mysterious organizations, its hurrying, swirling human tides—all this tends to lift some students into positions of great prominence and responsibility and leave others in obscure corners, slighted and sensitive. The average man, faithful, honest and industrious, sees the prizes and honors going to others who already have them in abundance, while he sits apart, puzzled and isolated. He may relapse

into morbid brooding or into a cynical indifference which paralyzes effort. What is the remedy?

Physical fitness is the prime requisite in attaining true perspective. An unsound body creates nervousness and unsound mental conditions and plunges a man into a "blue funk." Exercise, sleep and good food furnish the stuff with which we think. When the blood lacks oxygen, the mind lacks clearness and courage. When the sewage system of the body is clogged, the eyes of the mind, as well as those of the body, grow dim and clouded. A sluggish body, ungroomed and unstretched, means an anemic mind and a flabby purpose. Get physically fit, and then see how hard it is to keep your pessimism!

One must also insist on intellectual self-determination. After all, am I to go around irritated and "sore" merely because others do not applaud my going? Shall I cultivate unhappiness by watching my own shadow and estimating the impression I make on others? That is an unmanly or unwomanly attitude, rebuked long ago by Matthew Arnold, when he looked at the steady constellations in the evening sky and wrote:

> Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
> Undistracted by the sights they see,
> These demand not that the things without them
> Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

To revolve steadily in the orbit of one's own duty, "never hasting, never resting," is to find the peace which always goes with firm purpose. The

planet Mars does not watch Jupiter, and Sirius never pauses to learn what Orion thinks of its performance in the sky. We are here not to reflect public opinion, but to create it. The shy student off in the corner of college life may be the future leader of men, while the president of the Senior class and winner of a dozen fictitious honors may never be heard of again. College prominence is exceedingly transient and means little. Roosevelt was not prominent at Harvard, nor John Hay at Brown, nor Calvin Coolidge at Amherst. One was weak in body, another delicately fastidious in mind, while the third kept his own counsel, and the "world's coarse thumb and finger" felt no special promise in them. So much the worse for the world!

But the great remedy for isolation is, of course, unselfish effort for the common good. The selfish life must be—thank heaven!—a lonely one. Release from morbid regrets and foolish imaginings comes through a determined effort to help the lives next to us. "I, even I only, am alone"—well, why stay alone when hundreds need your strong hand? Why whine, when you might cheer?

Shakespeare's twenty-ninth sonnet is a wonderful triumph over the subjective mood of self-pity:

> I all alone beweep my outcast state,
> Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
> Desiring this man's art and that man's scope.

What is the remedy? Near the end of the sonnet we find it: "*Haply I think on thee,*" and soon Shakespeare is at "heaven's gate" Was "thee" a man or a woman? We shall never know. It was someone outside his own circumscribed and wounded and sensitive soul, and in living for another he found himself.

EXPERIENCE AND HOPE

"EXPERIENCE worketh hope"—so wrote the Apostle Paul. But to many men such a statement seems preposterous. "Before I had my experience," such men say, "I had hope. I saw visions of power and fame and success. Now I am a sadder and a wiser man. I have had my experience and lost my hope." All around us are men for whom experience has worked disillusion. They have attempted literature and now sit surrounded by rejected manuscripts. They have aimed at making a fortune and after a few weary years in an office conclude that merit no longer has a chance at recognition. They have championed some great social or political reform, only to meet with ingratitude and unpopularity. Now they sit blasé and disconsolate, warning us against confidence in the future. But behind all their dreary jeremiads sounds the clear voice of a "little ugly Jew," persecuted, hounded, driven from pillar to post, denounced as blasphemer and anarchist, beaten, starved, stoned, shipwrecked, and toward the end of it all calmly writing, "Experience worketh hope"!

Evidently the question for us is: Whose experience? That of Ecclesiastes crying "*Vanitas vanitatum,*" or that of St John with his vision

of the city that lieth foursquare? That of the Persian Omar with his fascinating bitterness, or that of Robert Browning who wrote:

> I find earth not grey, but rosy,
> The heavens not dull, but fair of hue;
> Do I stoop? I pluck a posy;
> Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

It is clearly impossible that all human experience should issue in good cheer. Literature is replete with the utterances of the disappointed, the discouraged, the embittered. What sort of experience is it, then, whose result is assured confidence and radiating hope?

The great essential to a really successful experience is that it shall be an active forth-putting of energy. A passive attitude toward life is an invitation to defeat and the certain forerunner of pessimism. The mere spectators at the game of life furnish all the "croakers" and the "knockers." There is nothing more demoralizing than to sit forever on the bleachers and criticize the strong men who have plunged into the game. If you enter the field house on the day of some great athletic contest, you will find among the players stern resolution and the joy of combat; while feeble faith or outspoken pessimism are abundant among the men whose only function is to adorn the grand-stand.

Men used to think of God as the mere beholder of a finished world. They conceived Him as aloof, wrapped up in His own beatitude, doing nothing

since the first six days of history save to listen for several thousand years to His self-commanded praises. But to praise in the Deity what we reprobate in humanity is not the mark of a reverent mind. Now we have come to think of Him as immanent in creation, as moving in the world's forces, "afflicted in our affliction," aspiring in our aspiration and battling for the universal righteousness in and through our little private battle. To gain and hold that conception is to be steadily of good courage.

A tour among the alumni of an American college is an inspiring experience because of the constant discovery that men who in their college days were colorless or unpromising have now become significant figures in the world. Of course, the reverse may be true in some cases. But generally a man's development during the twenty years after graduation is a fascinating study and a genuine surprise. The man has been so enlarged by responsibility that his own classmates are amazed at his resourcefulness and power of leadership.

John Hay was a man in whom no college friend could see the promise of diplomacy or statesmanship. In that fair-faced student, with the long hair under the broad brim, no one saw a leader of men. He was the litterateur, the critic, in those early days, a man of sensitive discernment and exquisite taste. Even at the age of sixty, when he became Secretary of State, his chief reputation was as a poet. Then, suddenly called to confront

the great tasks of treaty-making, of international arbitration, of the preservation of ancient empires and of justice to mankind, the idealist flamed into the statesman and his greatest work was found to be far beyond all that he had dreamed for himself in college days.

To all irresolute, oversensitive souls there comes out of history one command: Believe in yourself and your fellow men! In the unplumbed deeps of personality lie the inexhaustible resources of God. The gold mines may be worked out, the coal be exhausted, the oil wells run dry, but in the souls of men and of nations are untouched reservoirs out of which shall yet come the wisdom and power and guidance that the world needs. A mind that is closed to friendship and to action must be cynical and despairing. A man that is co-working with his fellows and his God finds each morning new reasons for hope.

THE MEANING OF TEMPERANCE

GREAT words often decay, perhaps because of the decay of character in those who use them. "Charity," once simply the Latin form of "love," has come often to mean a dime tossed into a beggar's hat. "Temperance," one of the noblest words in our language, has in recent years been so shorn of its large horizon as to acquire a meaning exactly opposite to its meaning in the time of Shakespeare. It has come to mean total abstinence from certain kinds of beverage. When Hamlet said to the players: "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance," he referred to something more than "prohibition," whether by the state or the individual.

A "well-tempered" blade is one that has been passed through heat and cold until it has acquired both strength and elasticity, toughness and fineness, and is adequate to all reasonable demands. A well-tempered mind or character is neither too rigid nor too soft to be serviceable, but has acquired that golden mean which to Aristotle was the essence of virtue. According to the great Greek philosopher, "the father of those who know," thrift is the golden mean between miserliness and prodigality; courage is the golden mean

between boasting and servility; courtesy is the golden mean between flattery and contempt; and all virtue is the steady avoidance of excess on the one side or the other. *Ne quid nimis*—nothing too much—was the motto of the Stoics, a motto paralleled in the curious exhortation found in the book of Proverbs: "Be not righteous overmuch."

The World War was naturally followed by a period of unrestrained excess and all kinds of intemperance. During the War all barriers were lifted, the Ten Commandments were abolished by Christian nations, and we went to the limit in meeting a foe that we thought recognized no law save the law of the jungle. Did we then dream that by signing the Armistice we could restore the commandments and rebuild the fences? Everywhere we have seen intemperance—in violent, heated language, in glaring headlines, in extravagant expenditure based on unlimited profiteering, in the headlong plunge into pleasure, in the craze for savage syncopated music, in erratic, provocative costume, in reckless driving and a devil-may-care attitude toward life. If the American college is to mean thoughtfulness, a truly critical evaluation of life, it must stand as a breakwater against this flood of futile excess.

College journalism has usually been conservative and refused to become "yellow." College dramatics usually observe the limits of decency and honor. But social life in the American college is to-day thoroughly *intemperate*. It unfits our

students for either work or play. It is exhausting to purses and nerves, devitalizing to mind and character. Any limit as to hours or expenditure or garb or manner is resented as a Puritan restriction suited only to a kindergarten. Our social life has become bizarre, outré, limitless! Yet limits are essential not only to virtue, but to enjoyment itself. Unlimited indulgence means merely ennui and boredom, and excessive pleasure is a form of pain.

Anyone can smear a sheet of paper with chalk or ink; the etcher, using a thin, sharp tool and limiting himself to a few clear lines, makes a notable picture. Anybody can produce miscellaneous noises; the musician, confining himself to seven notes in the octave, out of that rigid limitation produces harmony. Any man can allow his life to sprawl like a rank and noisome weed; the temperate man is one whose life is trained and pruned into shapeliness and fruitage. Does that mean total abstinence from certain kinds of amusement or indulgence? It certainly does. But—what is vastly more important—it means that in all amusement, recreation, sport, enjoyment, one shall be able to say: "I am the master of my fate, the captain of my soul." It means deliberate self-limitation in the interest of real happiness. As to exactly what is right and what is wrong, we may not agree. Our fathers and mothers encouraged the lottery and frowned on the theater; they saw little wrong in alcohol and much in the novel.

But they had what we most need to-day—deliberate self-control, mastery of the inner powers, a well-tempered soul. "Add to your knowledge temperance"; St Paul's counsel is not yet out of date.

THE POWER TO FOCUS

A NOTED Scotch professor, after long teaching at Edinburgh, transferred his labors to a famous American University. A few years later he was asked at a public meeting: "What difference do you note between the Scotch and the American students?" After a moment's thought he answered: "The main difference is that those Scotch boys really want an education."

If our students do not want to study, why do they persist in four years of camouflage? It is far better to have a college of two hundred who enjoy study than one of two thousand who resist it, as an unruly boy resists a dose of medicine.

What is the fundamental lack in the life of young America to-day? It is not lack of versatility or ingenuity or charm. The careless, idle students that we meet everywhere are endlessly versatile and often personally charming. It is not lack of a wide range of knowledge. To-day a student nineteen years of age knows ten thousand things of which his father and grandfather at that age had no conception. The one conspicuous and fatal lack in our time is the power to bring the mind to a focus, to think hard and close, to concentrate on some problem and never give up until it is mastered. Our fathers, who lived in a nar-

rower world, had the capacity for voluntary attention which we have lost. With fewer things to think of they did better, more consecutive thinking. Their world was static and ours is in constant movement. We live in the age of restless music, of darting automobiles, of speeding aeroplanes, of moving pictures, a world where all is in flux. We take snapshots of reality and we have small opportunity for time exposures. "Astronomy in Six Weeks," "Spanish at a Glance," are alluring titles for textbooks and have deceived thousands. There is no knowledge worth having except that which comes through prolonged attention, the focusing of the mind on some object until we see into it and through it and behind it.

The international golf champion concentrates his total personality on a little gutta percha ball lying in the grass. Hundreds are following, watching that ball roll to the edge of the hole and drop in, and the result is cabled instantly to Europe.

Now suppose it is not a white ball we are following, but a chemical reaction, or a passage in Goethe's *Faust*, or the ideal of the Pilgrim fathers. There is as keen joy in chasing after laws in science and meanings in history as in any game ever played. But the first question is the same—the same requisite for success everywhere in life—Can you concentrate? Is your mind foggy and flabby, or tense and muscular? Is your mind a pleasant blur, or a tool with an edge? Does your thinking

end like a broom, in a multitude of small straws, or like a bayonet, in point and power?

When we look at some blurred and confused photographs we say the camera was "out of focus." The trouble with the modern world is that many minds are out of focus and see nothing sharply defined. They get a glimpse of some new social theory dimly apprehended, some economic principle partly understood, some political doctrine whose origin and result are hidden in a mist, and proclaim it as the panacea for the woes of the world. "Democracy," "self-determination," "equality," "progress"—those great conceptions float cloudlike before us and we enthusiastically follow. But have we ever defined those far-sounding syllables? Have we ever seen clearly what those words mean, and have we been able to put that meaning into language "understanded of the people?" The tragic disillusions which followed the World War were the inevitable result of vague visions, great phrases undefined, superb ideals that hovered and flickered above us, which no man had ever captured or subjected to adequate examination. Those ideals were of great and permanent value. But if we ask exactly what men may reasonably expect of "progress" or "democracy," and when, and how, we are down on the earth again and have need of attention, definition, analysis—in short, of the neglected process we call study. Invertebrate molluscous minds are the constant source of illusion and disaster. Minds

that come to a focus and see things straight and clear are among the most precious assets of any country. Some one has written: "Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have lost your aim." So it is with cynicism, pessimism, materialism, and all the discouraged and discouraging "isms" around us—they arise from blurred vision of half-truths. To see clearly is the first step in living nobly.

THE PLEASURE OF ECONOMY

"THE era of extravagance is over," we hear men saying: "the time of rigid economy has come." And we feel forced to deny ourselves nonessentials, to save painfully, to practice hateful thrift, as if a hard fate had overtaken us. But do we realize the genuine fun in being economical?

In all games and sports the pleasure is found in the rigid limitations imposed, or rather in demonstrating what we can do in spite of the limitations. The zest of sport consists in making a little go a long way and in doing much when we have little to do with. We allow a man three strikes in baseball to see what he can do with those three. If we allowed him a dozen no man would care to play the game; too many opportunities spoil the sport. In golf we allow the player one insignificant little ball. If we gave him half a dozen balls he would be bored and disgusted. The limitations of the game are the source of its enjoyment. If we should remove from the golf course all the bunkers and hazards and make it smooth as a tennis court, golf would at once disappear. And on the tennis court the game is fenced in with those rigid limitations which keep the players tense and eager. Break down the limiting prohibitions and the game is gone. The fun of life

consists in doing great things with small means.

Why then does it so often vex and gall us to be forced to economize? One reason is that we live in a new country of supposedly boundless resources. We like the men who pour out their possessions freely, like a flowing river. We like the "free spender," the man of generous and thoughtless charity. The small economies long practiced by every European seem to us to denote meanness of spirit. But the really mean man is the one who spends so freely that he can never give, or who piles up debts that he cannot pay. The only reason we have any working capital in this country to-day is because our fathers and mothers did not spend all they made each day.

Forty years ago in California it was thought mean to use any coin smaller than a five-cent piece. If a purchaser asked for exact change he might hear the storekeeper say: "Here, take your nickel and go." In the older civilization of New England many of the fortunes have been made by calculating the meaning of an eighth of a cent on a yard of cotton cloth. But neither California nor New England has yet begun to practice the economy familiar to all Europe for a thousand years. And in Asia it has been still more familiar. Was it meanness of spirit which said on a Judean hillside: "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost?"

Sometimes the reason we hate economy is that we shrink from exactness in our mental processes.

Many students live in a fog, groping about in a curious vagueness and irresponsibility. They cannot tell how much money they borrowed last week nor when the debt becomes due. They have not figured out the cost of the last railroad journey and have no conception of the total expenditure of their first year in college. But the man who does not know where every penny comes from and where it goes to is conducting his life on a policy that would ruin any store or bank or mill in six weeks. The man who wants to become an efficient leader of industry in the future should begin by efficient management of his own life to-day.

To economize one's time is still more important. "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" was the suggestive title of a small book published several years ago. We are all equal in this, that we all have the twenty-four hours in the day; we differ simply in the way we use them. Lord Kelvin and Tolstoi and Roosevelt had no longer day than you have; they merely used the days while you and I have squandered them.

Whether it be time or money or strength, the real pleasure of life is in accepting inevitable boundaries and demonstrating that we can do fine work in spite of them. We may be compelled to live on "Main Street," but are not compelled to have a commonplace and sordid spirit.

> Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage.

We may live in a log cabin and cherish a palatial mind. We may come to know what the Apostle Paul meant when he described himself "as poor yet making many rich; as having nothing and yet possessing all things."

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN EDUCATION?

On the records of the oldest church in Providence is the quaint entry: "This meeting house was built for the worship of God and also to hold Commencement in." Thus our fathers built church and college side by side, that the faith of the church might permeate the college and the intellectual development of the college might be given to the service of the church. If the college ever scoffs at the church, it is scoffing at its own mother. Our colleges were founded specifically to give a Christian education. How can we keep the colleges Christian to-day?

Certainly not by fettering freedom in study and in teaching. Not by telling teachers and students that they must reach certain conclusions or be silent. No student can respect any teacher who has been told that if he thinks freely he will be compelled to resign. A college that prescribes a definite creedal statement and compels teachers or students to sign it is a mere engine of propaganda, whose teachers are discredited in the eyes of all thoughtful men.

A college which holds any truth to be dangerous is not a Christian college; is not dominated by the spirit of Him who said: "I came into the world to bear witness unto the truth." The

teacher of economics may believe in large social control or in the doctrine of *laissez faire*, the teacher of biology may hold to Darwinian evolution or to its opposite, the Biblical teacher may believe in one Isaiah or in twenty; but the steady, unfettered search for truth and the cordial welcome to it when found is the first characteristic of a Christian school.

A college which is narrowly denominational will find difficulty in remaining Christian. There is no such thing as Presbyterian chemistry or Baptist biology or Methodist mathematics. Membership in a Christian church is unfortunately no guarantee of a Christian attitude on the part of the teacher or the student. The college that demands a Congregationalist chemist or an Episcopalian teacher of Greek is, of course, subordinating ability and character in its teaching staff to the necessities of denominational propaganda, and cannot hope for the confidence of the public. That is not the way to make education Christian.

What we really need lies beyond all tests and creeds and formulas. The really essential thing cannot be expounded in any course of study. It comes through the happy contagion of personality. The one essential thing is to exalt character as the supreme aim in education, and character today finds its dynamic in Christian faith. Character is not something added to a curriculum, but something involved in it. We cannot dissect out the Christian faith and give it in a single course of lectures. The Christian ideal of life, the Chris-

tian attitude toward the universe, is involved in every course, enshrined in every library. It inspires the interrogation of nature in every laboratory and it makes history, as Froude found it, "the voice of God speaking across the centuries."

Religious leaders, teaching or taught, make a religious institution, and such leaders are likely to shun all creedal tests and seek institutions where the mind is free and looking for "more light to break out of God's word." The direct control of colleges by annual church conventions is fatal to education, and in the end injurious to the church. If a college is planted by the church, the church must nourish and control it for a time and then—let go! The church fought for centuries to attain self-determination, freedom from external control, and having attained it, it cannot now deny that freedom to its own offspring. A Christian college is not one controlled by dogmatic tests and formulas, but one as free as the church itself, free to interpret the ideals of the Nazarene and apply them to every problem of the age.

The teacher who "sits in the seat of the scornful" should not occupy any chair in a college founded by a Christian church. He is too small an individual for so large a position. He who scoffs at religious faith is a petty person, of blurred vision and perverted judgment. We will not ask him to sign our creed, but we do demand that he respect all creeds for which noble men have been willing to live and die. He can at

least refuse to take his daily bread from the hands of those whose faith he affects to despise. Such teachers are rare indeed, and the new psychology will soon make them impossible. Most of the teachers at whose feet we have sat have taught us to cry with Tennyson:

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell!

BROTHERHOOD AND BARRIERS

THE World War made us all conscious of the great human brotherhood. The years of disillusionment that followed have made us conscious of obstacles and barriers, as the jagged rocks protrude in the harbor when the tide ebbs out to sea.

The question is not whether we will establish the brotherhood of man—God did that by creation—but whether we will acknowledge the brotherhood God has created. If pride and prejudice prevent our acknowledging the fact, none the less the fact remains. "If the foot shall say 'I am not of the body,' is it therefore not of the body?" The pulse beats at the same rate in all human races and tribes. The temperature of the blood is the same among all peoples. The facial appearance and bodily development are much the same everywhere, and the handsomest specimens of humanity are not to be found among the Caucasians—pallid and bleached-out people they appear to all others!—but among the swarthy Brahmins or the copper-colored islanders of the Southern Seas.

And natural ability is so distributed as to pour contempt on all our pride. Where shall we find the successor to Caruso? Probably not among

college graduates but among the street urchins in Naples or lower Manhattan. Shakespeare was discovered not at Oxford, but outside the Globe Theater, holding the horses of wealthy patrons. In American colleges we learned long ago that the sons of our leading families are usually left far behind when brought into competition with an unknown Chinese or Japanese student. When Chief Justice Taft was governor-general of the Philippines he tried to impress on his assistants and subordinates the idea that the United States was to play the part of big brother to the Filipinos. And American soldiers, with the rollicking humor of their calling, used to march through the streets of Manila singing:

> He may be a brother of William H. Taft,
> But he shan't be a brother of mine.

But Christianity says to us: "You cannot decide that—it was decided by the process of creation. You can acknowledge it—or deny it at your peril."

The domain in which now there is clearest need of bringing the submerged brotherhood to the surface is the domain of industry. Here is the region of peculiar sensitiveness and delicacy. But in no other region is it now so imperative to discern and assert the divinely established brotherhood. Surely men who are engaged in the same task of production, making things under the same roof, whether by sweat of the brow or the brain, ought to live in mutual understanding and

sympathy. Once all manual labor was controlled by the feudal system, under which the laborer went with the land. Later Europe invented the apprentice system, which in time gave way to the wages system of our own day. The wages system meant freedom to come and go, to work or rest, and marked an immense social advance.

But it also meant social separation—and there lies its never-sleeping danger. It means that employer and employed are often held together, not by a common interest in their task, not by a common loyalty to the enterprise that both hold worth while, but simply by a cash payment, and cash payment alone furnishes no stable basis for civilization. Instead of expressing brotherhood it seems to deny it. A pay envelope never yet bound men together; it may drive them far apart. No possible increase in pay can bring increase in mutual understanding. The trouble is not in the pay, whether more or less, but in the broken brotherhood. It is in the loss of understanding, the vanishing of the sympathy which usually existed under the apprentice system and often under feudalism, and the separation of the business world into two suspicious and hostile camps, one trying to get the most money for the least possible labor, and the other trying to get the most labor for the least possible pay. That is not brotherhood, it is legalized battle; it produces not a stable civilization but an economic chaos.

Now the most far-sighted industrial leaders are planning for better things, not to create frater-

nity, but through the organization of modern business to express and promote it. Could college graduates serve their generation in any better way? Whoever can make even one small business undertaking a genuine experiment in teamwork is bringing to the surface the best in human nature and building up some portion of the Kingdom of God.

TWO PRINCIPLES OF ACTION

As a student nears the end of his college course, the question is forced upon him: What has college life given me? Have I got out of it any definite goal to aim at, any clear standard of values, any philosophy of living? One recent graduate defined a college course as "passing in forty semester examinations."

If that is all—a mere quantitative result, a mere passing of tests and gaining the appropriate tag—the college course is merely an expensive way of wasting four years. The real question is whether the college has given us something more than "courses," something deeper than a diploma. Has it given us insight into what is worth while, a scale of moral values, a principle of action which we can carry into all the struggle and tumult that lie beyond Commencement day? Two great principles of action were formulated by the philospher Kant. Either of them will furnish a light in dark places, and both of them may illuminate our lives.

The first principle Kant enunciates is this: Treat every human being as an end, never as means only. Can anything more revolutionary be imagined? Most of us are treating human beings every day as only means by which we profit.

These creatures around us are "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," laborers for our comfort, tools to be used in our own achievement. In the factory we fittingly call them "hands," because we use them to achieve our desires, not theirs. We often hire them and fire them, card-catalogue them and blacklist them, utilize them in a hundred ways for our advantage, not for theirs. They are the hands by which we grasp the cloth we need, the sugar we want, the fortune we are ever seeking. And so long as one section of the community is "hands" and another section is brains, the industrial problem will remain, and ought to remain, ominous and overshadowing.

Immanuel Kant would change all this. He bids us remember that each man is not only a means—as of course he is—but is also an end in himself, and that the whole factory, mill, college, city, the entire universe, and God Himself, exist to give growth and joy to that one man. Is not that an upsetting conception? No wonder John Morley wrote of "the volcanic elements in the Sermon on the Mount"!

Kant's second principle of living is no less far-reaching: "So act that the law of thy life might well become the law for all mankind." Most of us crave the privilege of living by exceptions from the universal moral law. We approve the Ten Commandments as a general code for the rank and file, but we crave special consideration

and exemption in our own case. We praise the law and hope to avoid it.

The artist thinks a dull, drab morality proper for descendants of the Puritan fathers, but for himself he wants "art for art's sake." The man of musical genius affirms that he cannot be bound by the conventions of the Philistine public. The financial "operator" cannot be too scrupulous when dealing with the silly folk who should never have ventured into the "street." All of us gravely advise the college Freshman to observe rules that are good for Freshmen, not for us.

But is not this heaping of obligation on other men's shoulders a species of hypocrisy? Can the clear-eyed world long believe in our sincerity if we live one thing and recommend another? We need the moral upsetting which would come to the whole world if Kant's principle—it is not a rule—were really adopted. Suppose a father should really live by the code he recommends to his son? Suppose each student should spend his evenings as he would like other students to spend theirs; or treat all women as he wants all men to treat his fiancée; or feed his own mind on the pabulum he can recommend to all the minds around him; or play that part in politics which he wants all other men to play—would there not be a clarifying and simplifying of life in our vicinity? If we should try out Kant's two principles for one year we should change forever some part of the world.

FINDING ONE'S PLACE

THE graduate of a school of architecture expects to be an architect; the graduate of a dental school to be a dentist. But the graduate of a liberal college, what is he fit for? The very purpose of his liberal training is to make him larger than any special task and enable him to change, if need be, from one task to another without serious loss. The small man knows in his Freshman year just what he is going to do. His range is narrow and his possibilities so few that life stretches before him as the steel track lies sharp and clear before the locomotive engineer. But the larger a man is, the greater his perplexity on the day of his graduation from college. We congratulate him that he does not possess the certainty of a one-track mind.

Such a student should remember Emerson's pregnant declaration that "our attractions are proportioned to our destinies." Whatever supremely attracts us, that we cannot permanently escape. We were not made forever to work against the grain. A violinist forced by his father to become an engineer, a born philosopher compelled to study accounting—these are familiar tragedies due to human stupidity. When I do find my task it

will be something I delight in doing, and to work without joy is to work without success.

Certain direct questions may help us:

1. Do you like to deal with things or with ideas? with concrete objects or with underlying principles? The salesman, the manufacturer, the transportation manager, deals primarily with visible and tangible objects; they arouse and hold his interest. But what we call the learned professions—far more than three of them to-day!—deal primarily with ideas, conceptions, with the principles which underlie all human action.

We may well ask the intending law student: Are you interested in justice, in the rights of man, in the growth of the state, in the foundations of society? Do you enjoy argument and debate, especially a debate on the principles by which men live together? We may ask the medical student: Have you the power to observe facts and to draw conclusions? Do you enjoy taking some great theory, like the germ theory of disease, and following it out to its logical conclusions? If you shun theory, you can still be a drug clerk and handle the bottles, but not a doctor to handle human lives. The clergyman, the diplomatist, the artist, the poet, all live in the realm of ideas—to them far more real than the world of ledgers and shuttles and looms and steel rails. For which world are you fitted? The engineer enjoys a very happy combination of theory and fact, of pure science and material reality. He erects bridges and builds machines, but he does it largely through

his understanding of the most abstract of all the sciences, mathematics. That understanding makes the difference between engineer and mechanic.

2. Another question: Are you at your best when fitting into a structure someone else has built, or in building a new structure for yourself? Are you a man of creative initiative, or a man of adaptation and adjustment? The farmer has to create, and turn the passive soil into crops; the post office clerk does as he is told and is happy to be relieved of further responsibility.

3. Are you working for quick returns or for something far away? For the position you can get when you are twenty-five years old, or the place you may occupy at fifty? If you demand swift pecuniary returns, keep out of all the professions, out of all scientific or historical research, out of all religious effort. But remember Browning:

> Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
> Heedless of far gain,
> Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
> Bad is our bargain.

4. Are you working for your single self or for the entire social order? If the first is your object, you can give your time to stock speculation, or attach yourself to some political boss. If the second is your goal, you will not be permanently satisfied with any business or profession which does not visibly minister to the welfare of society. To manipulate securities so that one can

extract a profit from the operation is a job so petty that no liberal mind can long stay in it. To create values—whether by raising hay, or making shoes, or designing a bridge, or playing the violin —is to leave this world a little richer and better because we have been in it.

But, whatever our calling, we need to remember that the chief requisites to success are the old-fashioned virtues—accuracy, promptness, fidelity, acceptance of responsibility—the virtues which we often neglect as out of date. They will go out of date with the multiplication table and the alphabet, not before. Without them we cannot climb to any position whatsoever. "The elevator to success is not running; take the stairs."

V

BEYOND COLLEGE GATES

HOW STUDIES TRAVEL

CICERO, in defending his friend Archias, defended also the studies which he had pursued through life. He said: "These studies nourish youth and delight old age . . . they travel with us." Do they? How much of them can the college man remember ten years after graduation?

Can you give the pluperfect subjunctive of a Latin verb to-day? Can you now explain the difference between a cosine and a cosecant? Can you remember any of the formulas of your Freshman course in chemistry—beyond H_2O? Have we not flung aside our studies as fast as we finished the "required work" and forgotten them gladly? Or do they in some real sense "travel with us" through days dark and bright, through the trades and the professions, through the office and the mill? What is it that really remains behind when all details are forgotten?

The chief residuum of human study is the power to understand and interpret other men's minds. All minds are really parts of one mind, but the parts have fallen into separation and misunderstanding. The college is the "interpreter's house," where minds are reassembled in mutual understanding. To see into the operation of other

men's minds, to know how the other half thinks —that is the chief requisite to achievement everywhere. All engineers tell us that the great failures in the engineering profession are due not to any lack of mastery of materials, but to lack of insight into human nature. The engineers understand their materials better than they understand their men. They can figure out strains and stresses better than motives and ideals. They know what will hold up a bridge, but not what will hold together the workers who must build it.

The most practical course of study I had in college was a course in Latin under the gray-headed but intensely human Professor L——. I had thought the old Latin authors were dull and dead, but he made them rise and stride about and talk to us. As he sat behind the high desk in the dingy second-floor room, beaming, interpreting, chuckling over some "curious felicity" in Horace or Juvenal, the whole Roman attitude toward life seemed to come clear, and that Roman civilization, so strangely like our own, revealed its strength and weakness, its glamour and its despair.

We study Dante not to accumulate knowledge, but because we want to look through the eyes that had looked on hell unafraid, and to understand that master mind and his century. We value European history as a revelation of the human spirit, economics as the study of methods of human intercourse, and engineering as the method by which man shapes nature to human

uses and harnesses natural forces to human wills. We shall soon forget the Latin and the history and the logarithms, but we shall never lose the insight into how and why men act, and what their action means to the race.

Another thing also travels with us—the capacity to carry old methods into new situations and so solve problems we never faced before. When Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay in the dusk of a May morning, he was moving among dangerous mines through waters he had never sailed. But he had years before sailed with Farragut up the Mississippi in war time and, using precisely the same cool courage and the same scientific method in the Philippine harbor as on the American river, he was a "gentleman unafraid." What attracts us in Lindbergh, the aviator, is that the coolness, courtesy and courage he acquired on the farm are carried into the clouds as well, and he is the same whether talking to a Senator or a newsboy, whether facing royalty or strolling through a country fair. To gain certain ideas from a familiar, commonplace situation, and then apply those ideas to a novel problem and an unprecedented emergency, that is to demonstrate a truly liberal education.

Years ago you may have learned to use a microscope in dissecting a flower. You have long since lost the microscope and forgotten the name of the flower. But the method—the patient examination of form, origin, growth—that is the very method our statesmen need to use in exam-

ining the mind of Russia or China, in evaluating a political platform, in forecasting the future of the League of Nations. Facts soon go from us and often are not worth remembering. But methods, insights, appreciations, understandings, values—extracted from many studies, as attar of roses from many flowers—these abide and travel with us through the years.

CONTINUOUS EDUCATION

ONE of the strangest ideas is that a man's education is confined to the years he spends at school or in college. Not a thousandth part of what we know was gained, or ever could be gained, in any school. Knowledge comes streaming into us every conscious moment of our lives—through eye and ear and nostril, through taste and touch, through experiences bright and dark, through surprise and accident and disappointment, through success and failure—and the infinitely larger part of education comes either before or after school.

A child learns by absorption from other lives, and acquires more knowledge in its first five years than in any subsequent ten years of living. He learns how to walk and sit, how to coördinate the muscles of the hand, how to use eyes and tongue, how to articulate the queer sounds of our English speech or of some other language. Merely learning to walk and to talk involves more of the educational process than all the years that follow. All the sciences, physical, mental and moral, must be studied in elementary fashion before the child is ten years old. Later he may learn to swim, to skate, to ride, to shoot; to have poise and courage in the face of danger, swiftness and accuracy in

decision, and power to see into other people's motives and to judge correctly their actions. Some of the best educated men of the race have had little to do with schools. We cannot forget that Lincoln taught himself, that Shakespeare left school at fourteen, that Charlemagne could scarcely read or write.

After the last examination of college has been passed and the ribboned diploma is triumphantly exhibited, then comes the school of life itself, and every college graduate should plan for his own continuous education. Some alumni stagnate soon after graduation and become mere "praisers of times past." They want their college to remain forever *in statu quo*, and they become reactionaries in economics, in politics and religion. Plato provided for all who would be magistrates in his *Republic* a course of study lasting until they were fifty years old, and any shorter course will certainly give us incompetent leaders to-day. What are the elements in this continuous education of our graduates?

The daily occupation of any man, the responsibilities and tests of his business or professional life, ought to compel him to incessant study. Of course there is a difference in tasks. The gardener's work forces him to invention, ingenuity, acquired skill, while the work of the ticket-chopper in the subway may be a deadening routine. But most positions in the modern world carry with them the demand for steady growth. All business develops the so-called industrial virtues

—promptness, accuracy, fidelity and truth. All administrative positions call for increasing knowledge of practical psychology and the power to understand human motives. Every physician's diagnosis is a process of inductive reasoning, and every lawyer is compelled to marshal every scrap of information he ever acquired at school and apply it in the service of his clients. Throughout life a man's "job" becomes his school.

Every alumnus should keep up his reading if he would escape fossilization. He should get beyond the flotsam and jetsam of the railroad newsstand and read the great books of the world for which perhaps he had no time in college. We have to read the newspapers of course, but the man who reads nothing else becomes mentally scrappy and disjointed, and deplorably contemporaneous. He loses the background of life and so is easily scared or imposed upon. For guidance in reading many a college graduate has not disdained to apply to the correspondence schools, which now enroll pupils by the hundred thousand. But far better are the extension courses offered by every university, in which by attendance one evening in the week a man may keep in touch with the latest discoveries in any department of knowledge. I have seen the Chief Justice of a Supreme Court, over seventy years of age, climbing the stairs every Monday night through the winter that he might take a course in geology. Better still would be six weeks at a summer school, where one can sit at the feet of some of

the best minds in America and fill up the vacant places in his own college curriculum.

The book of nature lies ever open to an observing eye. A tramp through the woods in May or October, a persistent study of the starry sky on a winter's night, the knowledge of the haunts of birds and their mysterious migrations, familiarity with a colony of bees and their socialistic organization—those and a thousand other avenues of knowledge stretch invitingly before a college graduate who has determined not to go to seed.

The realm of art, so long quite neglected by the traditional college, entices many a man into novel happiness. Architecture and music, painting and sculpture, spread their hoarded treasures before us, and if we enter those realms of gold we may enjoy the same experience as Keats describes:

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

If the American college is a "finishing school" —pathetic phrase!—it is a failure. It may be, it should be, a place of beginnings, a genuine "commencement."

AN INDUSTRIAL CREED—I

Over twenty years ago Alfred Russell Wallace declared that, if we should review the great scientific discoveries and inventions of human history, we would find that thirteen of them—like the steamboat, the electric light and the telephone —were made during the nineteenth century; and that only seven—like the printing press and the barometer—were made during all the previous history of mankind. And since Wallace wrote that we have invented the automobile, the submarine and the aeroplane. The modern world differs from the ancient world chiefly in the marvelous development of machinery. In the United States it is calculated that the machines at present in daily use add as much mechanical power as if every human being in our hundred millions had thirty slaves working for him constantly. But are our machines our slaves, or are we the slaves of the machine?

Does human nature keep pace with its own inventions? The power loom is an immense advance on the old hand loom, but is the man behind the loom an advance upon his grandfather? The chief factor in all progress is the human factor. The advance of the world depends not on water power,

or steam, or electrical power, but on human power. What, then, do we think of humanity? What is our creed with regard to the human beings who daily toil for us and with us? My creed contains two main articles:

First: I believe in the inequality of men. Men are no more alike in their ability to devise, create and administer than they are in the color of their eyes and hair. When all men grow six feet tall, all men may attain the same brain power or heart power. Some of the timber that is floated down from the forests of Maine is made into the masts of seagoing vessels, some into chairs and tables, and some into cheap lead pencils. We cannot make seaworthy masts out of the cheap pencil timber. "All ye are brethren," says the New Testament, but brothers are never duplicates.

Here lies the difference between a family and a club. When we form a social club we select persons of the same tastes, the same ideals, the same financial standing, and we found the club on the principle of likeness. The family, on the other hand, is constructed on the principle of unlikeness. At the head of the family is the fundamental opposition of sex—"male and female created he them." In the family some are old and some are young; a certain few are stalwart breadwinners, and others, the children and the aged, contribute to the home not what they earn, but what they are. Out of this inequality springs the strength and beauty of family life, in which old and young, strong and weak, are bound to-

gether in mutual service. If the world ever does become one great human family, there will be just as many inequalities in capacity and attainment as there are to-day. Any scheme for the improvement of society which ignores the original differences in human capacity, and would reduce all men to a dead level, make them all like bricks in a row, each one eight inches by four by two, is a scheme so impossible and undesirable that we need not waste much time over it.

Yet the world is wasting time over many such schemes to-day, over reforms against nature. Equality before the law? Yes. Equality in opportunity? Yes, we demand it. Equality in the chance for every human being to develop his inborn capacity to the utmost? That is the social order for which every true patriot or Christian is striving. But equality of ability, of power, of imagination, of attainment in science and art and literature? Heaven save us from a machine-made world like that!

To insist that all business men shall make the same percentage of profit, or all workers receive the same wages, or all teachers the same salary, is like insisting that all students shall receive the same marks in examination or all men on the football squad shall make the team. It means the demoralization and ultimate ruin of football, and scholarship, and industry and society. If we really want to help our fellow men in lasting fashion, we shall hold fast to the truth we find on every page of the New Testament, the truth written

in every chapter of science—the everlasting and everlastingly desirable inequality of men.

Is that the whole truth? Is there not a second article in the creed? But that will come in another "talk."

AN INDUSTRIAL CREED—II

THE second article in my creed is this: I believe in the perpetual brotherhood of men.

Years ago a United States Senator stood up in the Capitol at Washington and said: "Business is war. . . . The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and the jest of history." That point of view is now wholly out of date. It leads us back to the jungle. The law of nature is something deeper than the brute law of battle.

We all know how the idea of ruthless industrial competition has spread throughout the world. It is a kind of perverted Darwinism, a wholly unjustified inference from nature, which is supposed to be "red in tooth and claw." We have heard a thousand times how the great beasts of the forest prey upon the smaller ones; how the largest fish in the sea devour the little ones; how in every garden the flowers and weeds contend for space, until the frost comes and puts an end to the summer struggle. The inference is easy, and millions of men have drawn it. If that is the law of the world, that the weak must go to the wall in order that the strong may survive and become still stronger, if the law of ruthless battle is the fundamental principle of existence, why then should

it not be the law of my personal life? Why not the law of Wall Street and State Street, and every bank and mill and store? If the strong must triumph over the weak, let me be found among the strong and crowd my competitor till he dies! That was the international philosophy of Germany in 1914, and it is the industrial creed of millions of shrewd business men to-day.

But he who says that the law of battle is the only law of life has surely never looked into a bird's nest, for there he would see strength giving itself for weakness, and experience devoting itself to ignorance. There he would see "mutual aid" as a deeper law than mutual competition and extermination. Any flock of birds that will not fly together when they go southward shall all lose the way. Any flock of sheep that will not stand together in the winter storm shall perish. The world is so built that any purely selfish species—if it ever existed—must have died out long ago. Only creatures that stand together can stand at all; only those that coöperate can survive.

This coöperation lies at the foundation of all success in industry. Your competitor is not your enemy to be trampled under, but you and he are both servants of the social order which is greater than either, and both may win or both may lose. The Chambers of Commerce and similar organizations which have had extraordinary growth in America in the last fifteen years are an organized recognition of the principle of mutual aid as the essential both to personal success and to public

service. In their documents they put at the forefront the motto: "He profits most who serves the best."

So it is with every industrial enterprise. It cannot permanently succeed unless shot through with the spirit of fraternal coöperation for worthy ends. In the War we saw men serving side by side with such superb devotion that all the paltry distinctions of life were swallowed up and forgotten. The priest and the peddler, the millionaire and the chauffeur served together, that freedom might endure. If men can fight side by side unselfishly, can they not work side by side for something more than a pay envelope? They can and they must if civilization is to be anything more than the struggle of swine at the trough.

In war time the country was flooded with literature on "The Moral Aims of the War." We knew that if the War had no moral aim it could not enlist utmost American effort and could not succeed. In every business office someone should think out and announce the "moral aim of business." If it has no moral aim, it must be exposed and outlawed and some better system of supplying human wants must take its place. If no moral aim lies behind capitalism, capitalism must go. If no moral aim permeates the wage system, some better, more human system is now due. But if, as I believe, our present system of production can be made to serve the finer ends of life, can be made to produce not only things but men, can be made to work not against the human brother-

hood, but for the brotherhood of unequals, for the genuine partnership of men who are unlike but united in some noble task, then our system may have centuries yet to endure. Nothing can possibly endure which denies, either in words or in deeds, the perpetual brotherhood of men.

WHAT IS AMERICA?

Is America a mere geographical expression, a piece of territory lying between two oceans? Is it a form of government, so that if we amend our constitution we have changed America? Or is it a hundred million people filled with a common purpose, throbbing with one loyalty, united in one high resolve?

When we picture America to ourselves do we see any clearly defined figure, or only a sort of radiant mist? The small boy usually thinks of America under the familiar figure of "Uncle Sam." That figure evidently represents a man of peace, for he carries no sword or rifle. He is evidently a man of ideals, as we learn from the stars that bespangle his hat and coat. But what ideals? What is the spirit that animates and propels this huge body composed of forty-eight states, now more powerful than any other national body on earth?

If I wished to give to some foreigner a conception of the American spirit I would ask him to read two documents in which the soul of America is incarnate. First I would have him read Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address," where the deepest convictions of the American people found

an utterance so simple and so sublime that not one syllable shall ever be changed or lost.

Then I would ask my foreign friend to read some of the rugged lines in Emerson's "Boston Hymn." Do you remember them?

> The word of the Lord by night
> To the watching Pilgrims came,
> As they sat by the sea-side,
> And filled their hearts with flame.
>
> My angel, his name is Freedom,
> Choose him to be your king!
> He shall cut pathways east and west,
> And fend you with his wing.
>
> We grant no dukedoms to the few,
> We hold like rights and shall;
> Equal on Sunday in the pew,
> On Monday in the Mall;
> For what avail or plow or sail,
> Or land or life, if freedom fail!

In those lines is embodied the faith which has created America, faith in *freedom under law*. If the United States could speak with a single voice its ultimate belief, it would say again: "My angel, his name is Freedom."

But freedom is of various kinds. No land has all kinds equally developed. We started here with the idea that religious freedom was the one great essential. It is difficult for us to imagine how dangerous that idea everywhere seemed in the seventeenth century. Kings and queens and magistrates and bishops honestly believed that re-

ligious freedom spelled ruin to every government and all human society. Rhode Island was the first commonwealth in history that dared to let every man worship God in his own way, and on the marble front of the State House in Providence is inscribed the golden sentence of John Clarke: "That a civil state may be established and best maintained with full liberty in religious concernments."

Later came to America the struggle for political freedom. We do not need to tell that story here. We threw off the British yoke in a seven years' war, and steadily we have enlarged the suffrage, until to-day ours is in the main a "government of the people, by the people and for the people."

But we are in the midst of another struggle—for economic freedom. The burning questions of our day, just as delicate and difficult as the religious and the political problems of our fathers, all center in economics. Now, as three hundred years ago, we have two extreme parties—one timid and fearful of any change, the other radical and reckless and ready for every change proposed. It is for educated men to interpret these two parties to each other, and to lead them both into the larger freedom that is bound to come in all modern industry. It is impossible to have democracy in politics and religion, and autocracy in business. It is impossible to invite all able-bodied men to share in choosing mayors and governors and senators, and give them no voice in determining the conditions and rules under which they

labor eight or ten hours a day. Universal suffrage is logically and inevitably followed by some form of representation in industrial councils. What that form will ultimately be, none of us is wise enough to say. There will be many experiments, some succeeding, some failing, and all leading to that teamwork in industry which shall banish the misunderstandings due to ignorance, which shall enable employer and employed to coöperate in mutual confidence, which shall in industry as in politics

> Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace.

America stands for faith in freedom. To cherish that faith and live it out in action is to be an American.

THE MEANING OF CHANGE

We live in an age of transition. Did you ever hear anyone say that before?—did you ever hear a speaker *fail* to say that in his opening sentences? That all things are in flux, that the world of yesterday is passing into the world of to-morrow, that "the fashion of this world passeth away"—this has always been the theme of the moralist and the poet. But what distinguishes our age from all that precede it is that in our day the universal process has been speeded up, and the changes which used to require a century may now be made in a few weeks. Augustus Caesar sailed in about the same sort of ship as Commodore Perry on Lake Erie; between the two ages there was little progress in navigation. But the oil-burning ocean liner of our day and the submarine and the aeroplane mean that more progress has been made in mastering the sea in the last fifty years than in the previous two thousand. We can hardly accustom ourselves to one apparatus or one process before another appears, and the world goes, as Tennyson said, "spinning down the ringing grooves of change." Is the speeding up of all life a good or an evil? What are its social and ethical implications? It certainly implies and involves a great peril and a great opportunity.

The obvious peril is the loss of standards, the slipping away of all criterions of judgment. When a man travels rapidly from land to land, one of his first sensations is an inner confusion of standards. He finds the social customs of one nation denounced by another as immoral or absurd; he finds the lottery encouraged in one region and prohibited in another; finds a Continental Sunday in one nation and a Puritan Sunday in another; and he may, if his character be a shallow one, return home befogged, devitalized, and with no permanent standards to live by. Too long residence in a foreign land will de-Americanize and may demoralize any one of us.

The same result follows when we do not go around the world, but when the world revolves rapidly around us. Modern life changes as fast as a moving film and sometimes leaves us passive spectators of bewildering change. How shall we pronounce on these new fashions in dress, new kinds of music, new forms in literature, new defiance of old conventions, new manners and customs in society, new ideas of right and wrong? It is easy to drift with the tide, or easy to get out of the tide into a monastic cell. How can we remain, like a good ship, in the tide, and yet be superior to it because we know the points of the compass and the port to which we go?

In that last phrase we have the clue. The points of the compass have not fluctuated, and the polestar is still shining. Above all the undulating surfaces of life shine the constellations of the

sky. To be just and kind, to be clean and generous, to be loyal to men and to God, to live not for the little limited self, but the larger self we call humanity—these things were good in the days of Epictetus and Plato and will be good amid the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." Marcus Aurelius, traveling and fighting through the barbarous fringes of his empire, wrote: "I must be true; as if an emerald should keep saying to itself: 'However other stones may shine, I must be true emerald and keep my color.'"

But we must not only hold ourselves in; we must let ourselves out. True manhood is not only restraint; it is release. And an age of speedy change is a time of unprecedented opportunity. The world now is receptive to ideas. No longer static and stagnant, it is molten and fluid, running into the new molds that men shape for it. Have you a new invention or discovery? The world is waiting for it, almost ludicrously credulous of all novelty announced in the name of science. Is a new theory broached at some medical conference? Before morning it may have been translated to the antipodes. Is there a new idea for civic betterment or city planning? A dozen cities may eagerly seize upon it. The world is now marvelously plastic, waiting to be impressed. If it swiftly revolves, it is as the moist clay upon the potter's wheel. Any man with strength and skill can mold the clay before it hardens again into fixity.

Our very danger is, therefore, our finest chance.

The swift changes that threaten us also summon us. The world is waiting for our message if we have any. It is alive and needs live men to lead it. Let us not moan like the nerveless Hamlet:

> The world is out of joint; O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right,

but rather cry with Rupert Brooke, as he sailed to the hard campaign in Gallipoli:

Now God be thanked, who hath matched us with his hour.

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